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REMEMBRANCE.

BY ST. ELMO.

How sweet at twilight's mystic hour
To muse upon the fading past,
When Mem'ry's voice, with thrilling power,
Recalls some joys that could not last;
When the soft line of melody
Floats gently where the moonbeams shine,
Far out upon the dreamless sea,
To press naught save a broken shrine.
The stars that gem the midnight skies
With their weird beauty, pale and fair,
Grow softer 'neath the crimson dyes
That pierce the calm and still blue air;
But over all, the Southern Cross,
With countless beauty, gleams afar,
Glancing from out the silken floss
That gently kisses each red star.
When winds caress the slumbering sea,
And fireflies float about the meres,
And dewdrops sparkle on the lea,
And the dim shroud of night appears;
Then, when the earth is hushed in sleep,
Thoughts from the heart will softly flow,
While angels fair sweet vigils keep,
Behind their conch of cloud-capped snow.
When calmly flows the woodland stream,
Through dark green fern and scented flowers,
Like some enchanting Eastern dream,
Brought forth to life 'neath sylvan bowers;
Then, though the haze of darkness casts
A wild, weird spell upon the sea,
While this wild spell of beauty lasts,
Will thou not sometimes think of me?

Julia's Peril:

OR, THE WIFE'S VICTORY.

A STORY OF LOVE, FOLLY, AND REPENTANCE.

BY BARTLEY T. CAMPBELL,
AUTHOR OF "IN THE WEB," "OUT IN THE WORLD,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

JOE AND MABEL.

THE bright afternoon sunlight was falling in a warm shower on the picturesque landscape, gilding the waters of the Youghogheny with touches of something much like gold, and lighting up the western windows of Ruloville, until they blazed red as glowing embers.

Ruloville was a plain, simple, unpretending village now, but in its youth it had had many ambitious aspirations; chief among which was to one day climb to the top of Sable Mountain, that from thence it might look down upon the smiling vale beneath, which was, during all the future years, it fondly imagined, to yield it golden cereals as tribute, receiving nothing in return but the sweet music of Sabbath church bells, and occasional visits from the three old men, who had, in a very remote past, been commissioned to preach the Gospel among the mountains of Pennsylvania.

But, alas! for the mutability of all things earthly. Ruloville never attained the goal of its desires; for, when it had clambered up the mountain-side a short distance, it stopped to rest a bit, and take a whiff of fresh air; and, ere it could get a new start, the old National Road—which stretched through its main street like a white belt—became deserted and silent! Then Ruloville heard with dismay that a railroad had been built forty miles to the northward; and that the locomotive had succeeded the jaded stage-horses; and that long trains of finely-finished cars had put a quietus on the lumbering Conestoga wagons forever.

No one was willing to believe the story at first; but, when days, and weeks, and months passed, and the old white-covered wagons rumbled through the town no more, the smithy took in his sign of the three crimson horse-shoes; then two of the three hotels put up their shutters, and permitted the grass to grow green and rank before their doors; and finally, many of the young men wearied of the monotony of the town, and packing up their worldly goods, journeyed westward, leaving Ruloville asleep in its own wrinkles, to doze the years away and dream of its past greatness.

Adam Dormer, the miller, had, at one time, thought of joining those westward bound; but his good wife Jane, who had been born in Ruloville, shook her head, and quoted something about a rolling stone and its negative qualities, and at last, with a shower of tears, washed away every inclination Adam ever entertained for the Far West.

He went resolutely to work, however, and repaired the mill; built a new race, lengthened the dam, and gave all his attention to grinding the grain of the neighborhood. He managed to get a good deal, too, through his hands every day, and what with his per centages, and the ready cash he earned, he was soon able to build a neat stone house, of five rooms, on the hill-side, just above the mill. It was very plainly furnished as yet, but Adam was quietly laying away the gold dollars with which he intended, some time in the near future, to add to its comforts.

He was not burdened with a large family, for out of four children born to him, two boys and a girl were lying under the shadow of the little Gothic chapel, their graves covered with blush-roses and long, tangled skeins of grass, flecked, here and there, with marigolds which had been planted years ago by the fingers of kindly, patient Jane Dormer, but which had been watered and tended by little Joe Dormer, the miller's only son, for many a year.

One snowy winter night, a few weeks after little Nettie Dormer died, a young and handsome woman, bearing in her arms a baby girl, came to the miller's door, and asked permission to remain over night. She said her name was Mabel Lynn, and that she was going to Cumberland, Maryland, to join her husband.



He tried to swim now, but the burden was too great for him, and, faint and exhausted, he, too, was sinking.

Of course she was permitted to remain, and after a warm supper, retired to bed. The baby cried during the night, and Jane Dormer got up and took it down-stairs.

"You needn't stir, madam," said Jane, addressing the young mother. "I'm used to babies, and I like them so. I'd never tire of a dear little, coosy, oosey, yike this little dear."

Jane kissed the pink mouth, all puckered up like a purse; pinched the round, fat cheeks, and put her finger playfully in the scarlet dimple of the baby's chin. Then she remembered little Nettie had a dimple just like that, and, while she toasted baby's toes before the great wood fire, the tears streamed silently down her brown cheeks, and crept into the corners of her twitching mouth.

The strange young woman's baby, all unconscious of the numb pain that was at Jane Dormer's heart, drank of the warm whey freely, and then, doubling up its little fat fists, nestled close to Jane's breast, and went fast asleep.

After a while, the miller's wife took the child back to its mother, and receiving the latter's thanks, went off to bed again, feeling very sad and disconsolate as she did so.

But the next morning brought a surprise to the Dormer household, such as it had not experienced for a good many years—the stranger had disappeared—had tramped away in the snowdrifts during the night, leaving her baby girl behind. There was a note pinned on its breast, saying that its mother was not able to support the tiny waif, and that, having witnessed Jane Dormer's tenderness, she felt that she could not intrust her unhappy offspring to better hands.

"Be kind to my precious darling, and, some day, I will come back and reward you well. Good-by! Kiss my pet night and morning, for its poor, half-crazed mother, and—God bless you all!"

This was the concluding sentence, and when Adam Dormer had read it through, and through again, he turned to his wife and said:

"This is a very strange affair, Jane, and

I can't see why she picked on us. Seems to me there is people in Ruloville better able to provide for a strange child than we are."

Yes; Jane could not gainsay that; the miller was poor then; he had not even a house of his own, but, then, she remembered Nettie, and said:

"I'd like to keep it, Adam."

"Keep it!" he repeated, opening his eyes wide. "We ain't rich enough to start an orphan asylum yet, Jane."

"No, not an asylum," she answered; "just this little one, Adam; we won't miss what she'll need, and if we do, why—"

"She'll help fill the place of little Nettie."

The woman's voice was thick as she spoke, and her eyes were swimming in tears.

Adam Dormer pressed his wife's hand, and said:

"All right; just as you say."

That settled the matter, and on the next Sunday afternoon the waif was carried up to the chapel and baptized.

Jane wanted it named after her lost child, but Adam said:

"No; we'll not give her a name she has no right to at all. We'll just call her what her mother was called—Mabel Lynn."

Thirteen years have passed away since then, and Mabel has grown to be a beautiful child. Her eyes, of the deepest, darkest blue, are shaded by long, silken, fringe-like lashes; her skin is browned with the sun; her mouth resembles nothing so much as a dewy rose-bud, while her form is tall and supple, without that charming roundness which belongs to more mature years.

As she stands there by the mill-race, watching the great, round wheel, as it thunders among the waters, with the whirr of the mill in her ears, and the glare of the sunset in her face, she looks very pretty and graceful.

Below her, at the river's brink, sits Joe Dormer, now a lad of sixteen. He looks a good deal like the miller—brown and strong, with hazel eyes and a superabundance of

black hair. His clothes, unlike the girl's, are ragged in many places, and his bare feet, now half-covered in the stream, are hacked and hard, from exposure.

Although Joe was fishing, he was not giving piscatorial matters his whole attention, for, every now and then, he would dart a furtive glance at Mabel, and finally he stood up and cried out:

"Come on down here, Mabel."

"Where?" the girl asked, bending over to look down the steep bank.

"Right down here," he answered. "You needn't be afraid. Give me your hand."

She gave him her hand, without the slightest hesitancy, for she placed great faith in Joe's judgment, and he helped her down the hill, and made her a seat close to the water's edge.

Then he displayed, with pardonable pride, his finny prizes, and she clapped her hands with delight, as she watched the wee, blackish pikes and larger trout wriggle through the shallow pound in which their captor had placed them.

Joe's father called him to help unload some grain, and the boy, ere he bounded off, admonished the girl to sit very still on the bowlder he had placed for her; and not to go nearer the water on any consideration.

She promised to obey, but soon forgot the warning, when she saw Joe's line disappearing in the waters of the river.

A huge fish was tugging at the bait, and dragging her foster-brother's fishing appendages.

Mabel wrung her hands hopelessly at first, and cried out:

"Joe! Joe! Oh, Joe! Your fishin' things are gone!"

But, as Joe did not answer, the girl herself leaped forward, and tried to catch the rod, which was now afloat. She failed, and, before she could recover her balance, toppled headlong into the river.

A wild shriek went up, as she felt the cold waters embrace her, and then the rush and buzz of something in her ears, and a strangling sensation followed. That moment was full of refined agony to poor Mabel, struggling with the waves, and in it

she thought of Adam and Jane Dormer—of how good they had been to her; and she thought, too, of Joe—rough, brave Joe—and then she wondered if she would meet Joe and the rest in Heaven; and, strange as it may seem, she wondered, too, if Joe or Adam, or which of them, would find her drowned body, after the river would do its work.

CHAPTER II.

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH.

JOE was heaping up sacks of wheat on the white floor of the mill, when he heard that shriek from Mabel's lips, and his heart stood still with fear.

"'Tis Mabel, father!" he exclaimed.

"She's fell in the river."

Then he dashed out of the mill and over the bank in a twinkling.

The eyes of the poor boy ached when he saw that the shore was empty, and then he uttered a glad cry. He had caught sight of Mabel's dress floating with the current, and with that recklessness which was a part of Joe's nature, he leaped into the water, and made for the drowning child.

A few strokes, and he caught the flimsy texture in his grasp, only to have it come with him. Then the struggling girl began to sink, limp and almost lifeless, to the bottom of the dark river.

With one desperate effort the boy clutched her by the arm; then his hand caught in the meshes of her hair, and he lifted her face above the water. He tried to swim now, but the burden was too great for him, and, faint and exhausted, he, too, was sinking.

"To let go his hold, and save himself, would have been easily done; but Joe could not do such a cowardly thing, even to save his own life; and so, when he realized, as he did very keenly, that Mabel must die, he determined to die with her."

Down! down into the green depths they sunk, until Joe's feet touched the slimy rocks; then setting his teeth hard together, he made a fierce plunge upward, and then—they were saved.

Adam Dormer, who had run after his

brave boy, as fast as his legs would carry him, arrived just in time to grab him by the collar of his coat, and pull him up on the grassy bank.

Joe was very weak and faintish when he touched the shore, but not too faint or weak to exclaim, "Father, is Mabel living?—is she gone?"

"No, Joe, I think she's here yet," replied Adam. "Yes, her heart's a-beat'n', and her little breast is warm. Thank God! Joe, that yet both came out right side up!"

Joe was very thankful, even after he saw that Mabel was still unconscious, and that her arms showed, in black and purple, where he had held her.

Mabel Lynn was very sick for many days; so sick, indeed, that for fully twelve hours Dr. Kingsley could not tell whether or not she would escape death.

The shock to her system had been very great, but the vitality of youth triumphed, and she grew gradually better.

Joe watched by her bedside all the time, sometimes holding her feverish hands in his cool palms, and sometimes smoothing back the hair from her burning forehead.

"You are so good, Joe," she said, "one day, when the period of convalescence had come about; 'on'y for you bein' so good, Joe, I wouldn't care if I did die, an' go to Heaven, where my real mamma is.'"

"How do ye know yer mother's dead?" asked the boy, ignoring the compliment altogether.

"Oh, of course she's dead," replied Mabel. "Cause if she wasn't, ye see, she wouldn't stay away so long."

"Does seem so," said Joe, after a pause, and then there was nothing more said about Mabel's real mother.

Singularly enough, on the following day, Adam received a letter from the strange woman.

He had never got a scratch of a pen from her before—nothing in all those long years, and this was but a mere line. It ran thus:

"You have been very kind and good, and I will reward you well. Inclosed please find check. I want the girl educated like a lady. MABEL LYNN."

A bright, pink check fluttered to the floor, as the old man read, and Mrs. Dormer hastily picked it up.

It was drawn on the Atlantic Bank, New York, in favor of Adam Dormer, and called for five hundred dollars.

The miller gaped with wonder, and read it aloud, and then, quite overcome, he sat down, and looking up at his smiling wife, said:

"Well, Jane, what do ye think of that—eh? What on earth do you think of that?"

The poor woman could not tell what she thought of it; it had completely upset her thinking faculties, and finally she asked:

"What are you goin' to do with the money?"

"Well, it comes kinder handy," he said, wiping the perspiration from his brow. "What to fix the house with?" asked Jane.

"No, not to fix no house with," he replied, a little sternly. "I wouldn't touch a cent of that money for my own use, for nothing in the world. It's Mabel's money, an' she'll have the benefit of every red cent of it."

"But she can't spend it," put in the miller's wife.

"No, but I can for her. She must go to school now, and learn something more than we've been able to teach her."

It was arranged within the next fortnight that Mabel was to go to a boarding-school at Crystal Springs, twenty-five miles distant, and that Joe and Adam were to accompany her there in a covered wagon.

After days full of busy preparation, and some tears, and much heartache, Mabel was declared ready; the old wagon rolled around to the door, and then the parting between Jane Dormer and Mabel followed.

"Don't forget old Ruloville, darling," said Jane, with a gush of tears; "an' don't forget them that you leave behind, and who'll always pray for you, day and night."

The child wound her arms about the woman's neck, and cried as if her heart was breaking.

Another good-by hug, and Adam lifted Mabel into the vehicle; then, jumping in himself, he cracked his whip, coughed down his sobs, and drove off.

The boys of Ruloville cheered the wagon until it crossed the bridge, and Mabel waved her blue gingham bonnet back at them, until a turn in the road hid the town from sight.

Then she coiled herself into Joe's arms, and wept a little, and finally fell asleep.

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the wagon reached Crystal Springs, it was late in the day, and the melancholy twilight which hedged the place about made Mabel feel inexpressibly sad and homesick; and this feeling was heightened not a little, when a crowd of girls, at play on the lawn in front of Crystal Springs Institute, giggled and pointed at her as she passed.

"She's got boy's shoes on," cried one of the group, "and look at her funny bonnet."

She looked up into Joe's face, and, young as she was, noted how red it had grown, and how his eyes gazed at her in amazement.

Forgetting her own pain, she slipped her hand into Joe's, and said, quietly: "I don't care for them a bit."

She did care, however, and that night she sat at her little window and watched the moon rise, and the clouds float by like white fleecy islands through a dark-blue ocean; and the stars glimmer, and wished, oh, so much, that she could soar up to the glittering stars, and float off with the fleecy clouds to dear old Ruloville again, where no person ever thought of laughing at gingham bonnets or calf-skin shoes.

The next morning Mabel was examined by the lady principal and assigned a place in one of the new classes.

For the most part the girls treated the shabby little stranger coldly, and, when recess came, they left her standing on the lawn all alone, and began their romps and games.

"Why don't you play, too?"

"The voice was sweet and kind, and Mabel looked up into Alice Houston's face.

"Because—" she said, dropping her eyes.

"Because—what?"

"They make fun of my dress." There was something very bitter in Mabel's voice, as she said this, and Alice noticed it at once.

"And you are angry—are you?"

There was no answer. Then Alice spoke again.

"Will you come with me for a walk?"

"Yes," gladly.

They strolled along the lawn until they were almost out of sight of the other girls.

Then Alice, who was a dark, beautiful girl of fifteen, said: "My name is Alice Houston; my parents live in New York, close to the Hudson. Where do yours live?"

"In Ruloville," was the reply. "My name is Mabel Lynn, and my father's name is Adam Dormer."

"Your father's name is Dormer, and yours is Lynn," exclaimed Alice. "Why, how do you make that out?"

"He is not my real father."

"Not your real father?"

"No."

"And who is?"

"I don't know. I was left by my mother at Dormer's when I was a baby."

Alice opened her large, lustrous, black eyes wide, and lifted her jeweled hands in wonder.

"And you never have seen your father or mother?"

"No, I never did."

"And you have no home?"

"Oh, yes, I have a nice home, and they are both good to me," said Mabel. "Besides, there is Joe, and he likes me just the same as a brother."

"How old is Joe?"

"Joe's sixteen past."

"Is he a big boy?"

"Most a man. But, Joe's so good; he never acts like a man—he's just a boy."

"Do you think I would like Joe?"

"Oh, ever so much!" exclaimed Mabel, with enthusiasm. "But, he don't wear such nice clothes, like some boys," she added.

"I don't care about clothes," replied Alice. "Do you think he would like me?"

"I'm sure he would!" was the prompt reply.

"Then, maybe, when he comes to see you, I will fall in love with him, and make him fall in love with me?"

Alice laughed as she said this, showing her even teeth of pearl as she did so, and nudged Mabel with her elbow playfully.

Mabel was about to say that she wished such an event possible, but, all at once, the thought flashed in her mind—"What would I do for somebody to love, and somebody to love me, if Joe loves somebody else?" And so she hung down her head and said nothing.

Alice divined what was passing in her companion's mind, and smilingly—for Alice was all smiles and caresses—said:

"You are jealous now. You needn't blush and try to scorch the grass with your crimson face. I see it, you see! But, come, let us be friends. I have a lovely, too—hand some, nice fellow. I get letters from him every week or two; he's in Europe now."

"Across the sea?" asked Mabel, with some interest.

"Yes; across the sea—in England. He's coming home soon, though, and when he does, I'm going to have a long vacation."

"What's his name?" asked simple little Mabel.

"I don't such a nice name," replied Alice. "Just John—plain John Nevins. He's my cousin, though, and papa says I'm going to be his wife in three more years."

Mabel thought that would be so nice, and she said so, in her own frank way, and then listened with breathless interest to Alice's glowing description of her splendid home on the far-off Hudson.

After that afternoon these two girls became fast friends, and every succeeding evening during the session they spent together, talking and chatting about themselves, and their homes, and their boy-lovers.

Two days before the annual commencement Alice received a letter from her father, saying that her mother and himself would be in Crystal Springs on the following day, to take her home.

Alice promptly communicated the glad intelligence to Mabel, and it was arranged that the two girls should meet the visitors at the place where they were to disembark.

Captain Houston was a tall, silver-haired man, with large, blue eyes and military bearing. He was, possibly, forty, but looked much older, while his wife was a dark beauty, five years his junior.

They folded their only child in their arms and kissed her tenderly; then Mrs. Houston asked Alice who her companion was, and the latter replied:

"This is Mabel, my favorite among all the girls."

"What do you say her name is?" and Mrs. Houston put the tips of her yellow kid gloves on Mabel's head as she spoke.

"Mabel Lynn," was the reply.

Now, Adam Dormer had been looking forward to Mabel's return with a yearning fondness, and to deny himself the pleasure of seeing her soon was a severe hardship. But then he thought—"Why should she come here to see an old stupid fellow like me, when she's got such a chance to see the world? No, I won't refuse; the trip will do her good."

This was about the answer he sent back to Captain Houston, and when the mail had carried it off, he sat down in his wee, plain sitting-room, and cried for sheer loneliness.

It vexed Joe terribly when he heard that Mabel was not coming home, but it quickened a purpose that had grown somewhat dormant, and he said to his father:

"If the Houstons will take care of Mabel for a few years, why let them, and you and I will sell out the mill here, and go to California."

"Go to California, Joe? What put that in your head?"

"It's been in my head a good while, and I'm going to carry it out, too. Why should we live here all alone, with nothing but our mere clothes and board, while everybody is going away to make fortunes?"

Adam did not take to the scheme with any degree of enthusiasm; he would prefer remaining in Ruloville, but, as Joe had set his heart on the West, and would doubtless go alone, the miller consented on one condition—that Captain Houston would take care of Mabel.

Between Joe and Adam, a letter was written to the captain, explanatory of their designs and desires.

A week passed, and then an answer came, saying that Captain Houston would be glad to have Mabel make her home with them; that she should be treated as one of the family, and that the captain would be in Ruloville on the first of July to take Mabel away.

CHAPTER IV.

THE DORMERS came to the Springs early on the following day, and Mabel met them in the crowded hall. The meeting was full of joy and warmth of feeling, and it never occurred to Mabel that Adam's boots were patched, and that they made a great noise as he stamped about; or that Jane Dormer was the shabbiest-dressed lady among them all. And she also failed to notice that Joe

had a new jean suit, in which he looked very stiff and awkward.

But, many of the visitors did notice all this, and some smiled, and some stared, and some wondered where those odd-looking creatures had come from.

Joe's quick eye caught the full import of this giggling and staring, and wonderment, and after a while he strolled off into the village of Crystal Springs, in order to get rid of the hard feelings it caused him.

When he returned, the commencement exercises were over, and the visitors were leaving the Institute in crowds.

He met Mabel and his parents on the lawn.

"Where did you run off to Joe?" asked the girl.

"I didn't like to have them folks making fun of me, and so I went away."

"Make fun of you?" exclaimed Adam.

"What on earth would they make fun of you for?"

Mabel looked up and down at Joe's jean suit; but she didn't smile like the rest. She knew what it was to be made fun of, and she said: "I wouldn't mind them, if I were you. They used to make fun of me, too."

"But, I can't help but mind them," said Joe, gulping down his mortification; "and I hate rich people—they are always making fun of folks that are poor."

The miller and his wife were astonished at this, but before they could say a word, the Houstons came out; Alice kissed Mabel, shook Joe's hand, and that same evening departed with her parents for New York.

Mabel was very glad to get back to Ruloville, and was very sorry when the time came for her to return to school. She had passed the eight weeks of vacation in wandering through the woods with Joe, in listening to his plans for the future, and to his brilliant expectations.

"I'm not going to be buried up here forever," he said one evening, as they stood by the old mill together. "I'm going to California or Australia, some of these days. I'm going to make money, and be rich and proud like other people."

"But, what will mother do, and papa, when you go away?"

"Must get along without, I guess. No use in me staying here, anyway," he said, determinedly. "I'm no use."

"But then, Joe, we would be so lonely—"

"Yes, I know; and so would I; but, such things can't be helped. Almost all the young men go away from Ruloville to get a raise. They know that there's nothing to be got staying here."

Young as the girl was, she saw the force of Joe's words, and said, after a pause:

"You know what's best, I guess, though I wish you wasn't going away."

They talked a long while about Joe's projected pilgrimage in search of Dame Fortune's shrine, and even after Mabel went back to Crystal Springs, she could not forget the boy's earnestness and purpose.

Before vacation came again, Mabel was summoned home to attend the death-bed of her foster-mother.

Poor Jane did not last long; the fever did its work rapidly, and, on the fifth day of her illness, as Joe and Mabel were walking home from the mill in the sunset, Adam met them with streaming eyes, and said:

"It's all over now. She's gone from us forever."

"What, mother?" exclaimed Joe.

"Yes, you have no mother at all now, nor I haven't any wife."

Jane Dormer was carried up the side of Sable Mountain and buried with her children, and when the moon looked down for the first time on the new-made yellow grave, its rays fell upon the bowed form of him on whose broad breast she had pillowed her head for twenty years.

He had tried to remain at home, but the house was so still and lonesome that he could not stay in it; and, after Joe and Mabel had retired, he crept up to the churchyard. He did not mind the cold dew which fell upon him, nor the chill wind which moaned through the trees. His heart was aching so that all lesser pains were lost in its one great agony.

Three months after Jane's death, and Mabel's return to school, Captain Houston wrote the miller a long letter, asking him to permit Mabel to spend her vacation with them.

They were going to the White Mountains, he wrote, and Alice was so anxious to have Mabel with them.

Now, Adam Dormer had been looking forward to Mabel's return with a yearning fondness, and to deny himself the pleasure of seeing her soon was a severe hardship. But then he thought—"Why should she come here to see an old stupid fellow like me, when she's got such a chance to see the world? No, I won't refuse; the trip will do her good."

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A week passed, and then an answer came, saying that Captain Houston would be glad to have Mabel make her home with them; that she should be treated as one of the family, and that the captain would be in Ruloville on the first of July to take Mabel away.

Adam was both glad and sorry when this letter came; glad that Mabel would have a good home, and sorry that nothing promised to interfere with his migration.

But, finally, the first of July came, and with it came Captain Houston, Alice, and Mabel. They rattled into the village in a glittering brougham, such as Ruloville had not set eyes on for many a day, and people wondered where all the fine folks were go-

ing, and then they wondered a great deal more when they saw Mabel, and the beautiful young lady, and the stylish old gentleman, alight at Adam Dormer's door.

A little supper was prepared for the newcomers, and when they were all seated around the board, Adam said: "We have not much that is very inviting; not what we'd like to have, nor what we'd had, sure, if poor Jane was a-livin'; but what we have you're welcome to with a hearty good will. This is the last meal which we will all eat together"—and here he looked over at Mabel, whose eyes were beginning to fill with tears—"for many a year," he continued, "and mebbe it's the last we'll ever eat together—ever in this world. But all I've got to say is, that Mabel's been a good girl—a mighty good girl—and I'll say now, what I never said before, that I love her just the same as if she was my own flesh and blood, and God knows how this parting hour makes my heart ache."

Mabel burst into tears now, and so did Joe and Alice; and when they left the table, which they did a few minutes after, scarce a thing upon it had been touched.

Joe suggested going down and taking a last look at the mill, and they did so.

When they were about returning to the house, he whispered to Mabel:

"Don't forget to answer my letters when I write, and try and don't forget poor old Joe altogether."

She pressed his brown hand, and, in a husky voice, answered:

"No, Joe Dormer; I never shall."

As the twilight crept up the rugged steeps of Sable Mountain, the glittering brougham rattled off toward Crystal Springs, and Joe and Adam Dormer stood in the roadway, watching it out of sight.

(To be continued.)

The Dark Secret: The Mystery of Fontelle Hall.

BY COUSIN MAY CARLETON,
(MRS. MAY AGNES FLEMING.)

CHAPTER XV. A QUEEN UNCROWNED.

"I hear a voice you can not hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you can not see,
Which beckons me away."

There was a pause, during which they stood gazing at each other, one in scorn, and the other in defiance. Jacinto stood with his face averted—silent, too, Jacquetta was the first to speak.

"Well, sir," she said, imperiously. "He bowed in mock humility."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Jacquetta. I was on my way to the library to see my uncle, and passing here—"

"You stopped to look in."

"Not intentionally. The door being open, I gave a passing glance in, naturally; not expecting the interesting little tableau vivant that met my eye. Excuse me for interrupting it; I would not have done so for the world."

She grew crimson at the insinuation his tone conveyed.

"Innocent! What do you mean, sir?"

"Mean? Oh, nothing, my dear cousin! But would you mind my advising you to shut the door, in future, when you indulge in such little endearments? They are very natural and harmless, no doubt, but some of the servants may chance to see you; and servants will talk, you know?"

"Our servants will not; our guests appear to be more given to eavesdropping than they are. Be assured, sir, we shall take the precaution of shutting the door, in future. Have you any thing else to advise?"

"Nothing," said Disbrowe, pale with passion and jealousy, "but that midnight interviews with old hags, and afternoon interviews with young Spaniards, should both be more discreetly managed, lest Miss Jacquetta De Vere find herself in trouble, some day."

"Miss Jacquetta De Vere is very much obliged to you, but is quite capable of taking care of herself. Any thing else, my worthy cousin?"

"Nothing else. Good-afternoon, Miss De Vere."

"One moment! Did you dream this pleasant little scene was to happen?" said Jacquetta, with a curious smile.

"Some faint vision like it may have passed through my mind, of late, but nothing quite so enchanting as the reality. I see, now, why I was refused. Allow me to take the present opportunity of congratulating you on your good fortune, lest another should not occur, speedily."

"Where are you going?"

"To the library, just at present."

"Is papa there?"

"My uncle is there—yes," said Disbrowe, with emphasis.

"What do you mean, sir?" she demanded, with a sharp flash of her eye.

"Nothing. Part of my dream merely crossed my mind."

She looked at him as if she would have pierced him with her sharp, angry eyes; but his face wore no expression save one of contemptuous sarcasm. It stung her to the quick, and again her pale face flushed, and her eye blazed with a dangerous light.

"I presume you are going to tell him what you have seen?"

He bowed.

"Miss Jacquetta is at liberty to construe my conduct as she pleases. At the same time, I would humbly insinuate I am neither an eavesdropper nor a tale-bearer."

"I confess, it looks like it," she said, with a curling lip. "One thing is certain: your conduct, since you came here, has been very far removed from that of a gentleman."

"Miss De Vere!" he said, haughtily.

"How has it been?" she broke out, fiercely. "Was it the part of a gentleman, in the first place, after receiving the hospitality of this house, to insult the daughter of your host by an offer of the love long ago pledged to another? Was it the part of a gentleman to follow me into a quarter of this house you knew was forbidden, to see, and hear, and spy on my actions? Was it the part of a gentleman, I say, to stop looking in doors and at scenes you had no business to look at things never meant for your eye?"

"I can believe that, Miss Jacquetta," he said, in scornful anger; "and I might retort, by saying: 'Was it the part of a lady to become an actor in such forbidden scenes—a De Vere stooping to love a nameless foreign adventurer?' I thought better things of my cousin."

"Who cares what you thought, sir?" she said, with a passionate stamp of her foot. "I will love whom I please, do what I

please, stoop to what I please, and defy you to your face."

"Allow me to claim the same privilege,

Saturday Journal

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Our Arm-Chair.

"Woman's Rights."—We lately have had occasion to return several manuscripts canvassing the *pros and cons* of this question of "Woman's Rights." "Woman's Rights," "Woman's Wrongs," "Woman's Suffrage," "Woman's Life Relations," "Marriage as a Contract," "Divorce," etc., etc., and some of our friends have, in expressing surprise at this return of their communications, exclaimed: "Why do you refuse us a hearing?" We answer:

There are "mediums" expressly devoted to ventilating this woman question. The discussion, as such, would be much out of place in a popular household journal. We do not aim to reform a world, to revolutionize society, to herald the "new gospel of civilization." We leave all that to other more ambitious spirits. Our sole end and aim is to *please, entertain and instruct*, in which we succeed so well that the issue of the SATURDAY JOURNAL is now one of the literary events of the week.

Thank You!—So many good words are spoken of by the trade, by the press and by readers, that we are, sometimes, surprised at the enthusiasm which the SATURDAY JOURNAL excites. It is impossible, of course, to reproduce these expressions of good-will and appreciation, but we would be voted very insensible not to say "thank you" to such a paragraph as the following, which we find in a late issue of that most excellent paper, *Haney's Journal*:

"Beadle & Co., who have enjoyed such prominence in the publication of 'dime' books, seem to be equally fortunate with their weekly literary paper the *Saturday Journal*. It is a model of typographical beauty, attractively illustrated, and has, with very little 'padding,' and no pandering to any vicious taste, reached a very large and steady sale. Cousin May Carleton's (Mrs. May Agnes Fleming) story now publishing in its columns, is the best this popular author has yet written."

Marriage.—We had a confidential talk, the other day, with a fine young man of marriageable age but of a small income. His tastes and inclinations led him to look for happiness in a home of his own, but, "How can I seek for a wife when it would cost me half of my salary to dress her as young ladies now deem essential to their respectability and standing?" were his earnest words. It did not suffice for us to suggest that any woman devoted to her husband's interests would adapt herself to his circumstances, for he made this personal and effective point:

"What man of honor or sensibility would ask a woman of culture to share his privations—to deny her the society and things that always had been hers—to compel a self-denial that was painful, and labor that was really beyond her strength? No, sir; I can not marry. I hunger for love and a fire-side of my own, but, so long as both are *expensive luxuries*, I can not have either. I shall work for a competency—a modest competency will suffice; but, until a home is prepared, I have not even the time to think of marriage."

"Alas for me!" we sighed. A life denied its holiest, truest aspirations because of the inexorable demands of what?

Oh, women of America—who clamor for rights and reform, who stand ye not on the platform, on the streets, by your own firesides, to proclaim this greatest of all reforms—the right to be a wife, regardless of your worldly goods? It is you who have made fortune a pre-requisite to marriage—you who demand a home of ease and a life of luxury—you who are restless and discontented at responsibilities; and, therefore, if this dreadful tendency of young men to cultivate lives to be checked, from you must come the correction and inspiration.

Correspondent Talk.—The talk of the public is never so apparent as in the notes and correspondence which drift into the publisher's hands, from pleased or displeased readers. We have, of course, a large number of these correspondents. That they write at all, shows an interest in our work. Sometimes we reply by letter, but, usually, let time do the answering—as it is quite sure to.

Napoleon the Great, it is said, used to keep all his correspondence one month before calling it up for reply, and then it was found that not one letter in ten required an answer—time having done the work for him.

D. S. O. says: "I think the SATURDAY JOURNAL is the best of all the papers, its stories are so fresh, not old English reprints." Who is it that he says? He adds: "If I have a blue fit, I have the cure in Washington Whitehorn, who is a 'safe shot' on the subject."

B. G. asks us to reprint Mr. Aiken's "Wolf Demon." Just what a great number of our correspondents have done. We, of course, are "open to conviction," and when we become assured that it is necessary, in order to preserve the peace, for us to reproduce this very successful romance of the woods, we shall take it into serious consideration. That story was the great success of the year, as all our contemporaries must confess.

Charley P. says: "There are two things I hate in papers, and they are English stories and about women's fashions," which shows that Charley is somewhat particular, and that everybody is not of his mind is evident from this sweetly-scented and delicately-written note.

Miss A. O. G., who says: "I like the SATURDAY JOURNAL so well that I could wish it were perfect, and it would be so, in my opinion, if you would only add a fashion column and chat with the ladies." Nothing is perfect, in this world, except the last new "hat," so we console ourselves with the idea that, as something has got to be left out, we can spare the "hat" better than any thing else—especially as so many fashion papers make "hat" a specialty—put their whole genius in it!

H. G., who evidently is an old gentleman, writes a long and very agreeable letter of the papers of forty years ago, and says: "Had the SATURDAY JOURNAL been published then it would have been considered a marvel of novelty, and would have been celebrated. I am a great reader, especially of stories of Western life, and think the SATURDAY JOURNAL is by far the best of the popular papers in that line."

It ought to be good, in that respect, considering that Capt. Mayo Reid, Albert W. Aiken, Capt. J. F. C. Adams, Ralph Ringwood and other noted authors are *exclusively* catering for us.

Little Miss Ellen L. L. asks us to put in more children's stories and characters, etc., etc. No, dear, it isn't fair for us to try to run the children's magazines and papers—several of which are so good. We think characters, and puzzles, and games, and rebuses, and such things would be rather out of place in our columns.

SOME PLAIN WORDS.

You have, no doubt, often wondered why it was that so many of our promising young men are seen frequenting the bar-room, and other haunts of dissipation. I tell you that nine out of every ten are driven there.

Yes, driven there. How? do you ask? I will tell you. People do not endeavor enough to make their homes happy—to throw out that cheerful influence that weans one away from outside entertainments. There's a prevailing fashion nowadays for people to be ill, and make mountains out of their little troubles. It is the nature of young men to love pleasure, but if it is marred at home, by his being obliged to listen to the recital of a whole catalogue of complaints, it is not likely he'll seek that pleasure elsewhere.

Homes are made too much like prisons, in modern times. There's very little of that healthful and instructive conversation there which ought to be. In the good old times, the son of the household would sit at the table, surrounded by his family, and read the daily paper aloud. Could he do so now, when such publications are filled with the most disgusting details of crime, that would cause a blush to mantle the cheek of his mother and sister?

But, there are pure papers and books still among us, and if such were in every household, there would be more happiness in the "Evening Circle." Yes, happiness, for then they could discuss their merits; and time employed in this manner would glide along so quickly, as to be almost imperceptible.

Don't let your entire conversation be upon dress and the fashions. Brothers and sons take scarcely any interest in those matters, and it disgusts them more than you think for. To escape this, they will go out for a walk, maybe meet a friend who will advise them to take a drink, which they will have not the courage to refuse. This leads them into dissipation's haunts, and night after night will find them going the same way.

I once asked a young man why he was so eager to be away from his home. His reply was, that it was not a pleasant home—that there was no comfort in it. His father was cross, his mother peevish, and his brothers and sisters snappish and snarling. If this young man went in the downward path, where would the blame lie? Not with him entirely.

But, you will tell me, that many of these young men come from the country, and live in boarding-houses, where they have no care or attention paid to them. This is a hard thing to say, but the assertion I have known to be true. Why is it that the majority of these boarding-house keepers render their homes so unattractive? Why should their interest cease when they receive their payment?

Who goes in for a reformation in this matter? Do you not think that a pleasantly lighted parlor, filled with good books and entertaining society would have more attraction, than the low company, and frivolous conversation of the bar-room? If so, is it not the duty of parents to see that their sons are *entertained* at home? If you want to lead the young man away from vice, you've got to give him as much pleasure, though not of the same kind—as he can obtain elsewhere.

Women have their sewing, and many kindred matters to take up their attention, which the male sex are deprived of, and they (the men) are somewhat of a restless set at any time, and they need the kindly attention of the gentler sex to make them less so.

I once saw the prettily-finished parlor of a boarding-house all shut up—more like a residence for the dead than the living—so tomb-like did it appear. I asked the landlady why it was not opened to her boarders.

"They would soil the carpets, and hurt the furniture," was her answer.

"Better that, than send them to the haunts of vice, where they would ruin their health, stain their good names, and blacken their character for life," I thought, and I wasn't far from the right, was I?

And, let us turn to the case of those two young men who committed suicide recently, in Maine. Is it an improbability, that they had unhappy homes to remain in? One of them poor girls said: "Nobody cares for me." It is a gloomy thing to think. If there had been those who had it in their power to shed a halo of joy over this girl's life, and had withheld it, that this was the cause of her rash deed. A happy home, a cheerful fireside, and kindly hearts—oh, how potent are they for human good. I can not help thinking, if a brighter light had shone on these poor girls, and there had been "somebody to care for them," they might not have sought oblivion in the cold cold waves.

EVE LAWLESS.

TIRED WIVES.

I START the subject with my eyes open, knowing that in three cases out of five the tired wife will lay down the paper with a sigh, to bring out the dining basket and reflect over gaping heels and yawning toes.

"It's all very well to give us advice, but it will neither make our tasks less nor our strength more. It's pleasant, through the medium of print, to conjure up visions of bright, cheerful homes, clear hearths, blazing fires, snowy curtains, and spotless paints, and tidy, mannerly children; but nothing except hard and constant work will keep them so; and where is the time, I should like to know, to be spent in reading and dressing—improving our minds and adorning our persons—all to come from? For my part, it's drudge and work from morning light until midnight, and never through at that. It wasn't so once."

And the sentence is concluded with another sigh. Only this morning the tired

wife saw that pretty little Mrs. James across the way, follow her husband to the door, toying with the silken tassel of her gay cashmere wrapper, and putting up her fresh lips for the good-by kiss, which was given with such apparent relish.

Well, she was only six months married once, and John used to linger on the doorstep then for the last words, which he declared took away half the burden of his business cares through the day. He was a fine-looking fellow then; and what pride she used to take in keeping his linen white as the driven snow. Somehow he has grown shabby and rusty since, and yet his shirts are just as immaculate, and never a button missing from its place. She should know that, at all events, for she not her hands blistered above the ironing-table, and her eyes strained over midnight mending every week?

She wonders, sometimes, what induces that slouching, dragging step which John unconsciously adopts whenever his boot-sole touches the home flagstone, and why his old cheery ways have been merged into quietude almost reaching moroseness. But then, men have no appreciation for a woman's cares; so it's not to be wondered at that they don't attempt to lighten these, by bringing a sunshining presence into the house after ten hours' work in the office down-town. No doubt John has had his trials and anxieties, too, during the day; but then, he should put them in his pocket with the office key, and come home to hear how Betty, the half-grown "help," made fragments of the best china; how Lucy and Bob will persist in slipping away from home to mix with low street children; and how John, Jr. tumbles down the area steps, to the imminent hazard of his infantile limbs— all with a placid countenance, and no hint that other conversation would prove vastly more entertaining, and less liable to feed the spirit of complaint thus bred in the over-taxed wife.

If, in addition, Lucy and Bob be turned over to him for merited correction, it would be inexcusable on John's part to suggest that, if their home were made more to them than a roof to eat and sleep under—their mother more than a machine of household drudgery—their perverted tastes might be readily changed to an appreciation of their home-blessings, and a willing obedience guaranteed her commands.

If John's digestion becomes impaired through bolting down his breakfasts—professedly on account of urgent business, really because the domestic atmosphere is like a fall morning, foggy and uninviting to a deplorable extreme—if, from this, a long sequence of ills ensue, incipient dyspepsia, lowness of spirit and enervation of body, liver disorders, hastiness of temper and lurid proclivities, fault-finding and family estrangement, of course our wife is in no manner implicated in the blame.

She does her duty in keeping his house in order, his clothing in place, and his children clean. What if he would prefer seeing her with tidy hair and neat dress, rather than such extreme of apple-pie order as prevails within his walls? She has no time to waste upon herself; consequently, faded wrappers, collarless and limp, have taken the place of the dainty attire she once delighted in.

If she only knew that a little less regard to household details, and the time thus saved spent upon herself, would be more potent in effect in winning back his love-like devotion, than a lifetime sacrificed in "making him comfortable" by excess of house-wifely cleanliness, how much of weariness she might sit out of her own daily life!

Neat clothing stimulates self-respect; cold-water baths wash away many of the little vexations that go to make a cumbersome burden; and if our tired wife would try them instead, when a leisure moment does come, of lying down upon the bed with baby and a chapter from the novel she has been reading by snatches for a fortnight, she would soon rise above the difficulties of her position, and cease to include herself with the class denominated in my caption.

It would bring a happier state of affairs to John and the children; but I've no idea that any one of the self-deluding creatures will relinquish a single tithe of their self-imposed onerous duties, until the cogs and wheels and pulleys of their working machinery give out, and emulating the fate of the "one horse shay," are all overwhelmed by a universal ruin. J. D. B.

DIET.

A small word, but an important matter! "We eat to live, but do not live to eat," is an old Roman maxim, but not too old for us moderns. Who ever penned it should have lived in our times, and taken a trip to Europe in one of our fine ocean steamers. We fear his wisdom would suffer, and have no doubt, after his first taste of sea-sickness, his convictions on this point would be less—and his appetite greater.

Like a man with a good appetite, if his only food is unwholesome, and if he does not see him eat.

A keen appetite is, however, sometimes a snare, and over-eating the result of possessing it. To see a man over-eat himself is as disagreeable as to see one eat calmly, and yet with enjoyment, is a source of pleasure.

Nothing is more conducive to long life than attention to diet. Yet be careful not to make it a hobby. Don't be afraid of a little luxury at times, because you don't usually do it, from fear of dyspepsia and its attendant horrors. Rather indulge yourself occasionally. Accustom yourself to anything that may be on the table, but never be over-partial to palate-pleasing food. Let your mainstay be a good, plain diet. Acquire a love for roast beef, potatoes, good bread, butter (not rancid), and fresh eggs (not boiled hard), etc.

Don't, however, be over-fastidious about what you eat, and don't eat too little for fear of eating too much. People who eat fast, generally eat too much, because they don't give the food time to reach the stomach. If these fast eaters would pause for five minutes, just when they think they have only taken off the edge of their appetite, they would find (for this would give all the food time to reach the stomach) that they had eaten enough, not merely to blunt, but to satisfy their appetite.

No one will lose by eating slowly. Moderation and care in eating are two great aids to producing a happy temperament.

To those who do, it improves the spirits, makes digestion easy, keeps the mind and body vigorous, and is conducive to long age. Ask the doctors. PENMAN SWIFT.

Foolscap Papers.

A Visit to the Sultan.

WHILE in Constantinople, I one day prepared to go and call upon the Sultan. I first went and had a genuine Turkish bath.

It is very reducing. I lost thirteen pounds by it—I don't know how, exactly, but I weighed that much less after it, though I didn't suffer much over it.

I had no Oriental dress, so I had to improvise one. I took for a robe the figured curtain-calico morning-gown that Sarah Jane had made for me a year before we were made wife and husband. I needed a pair of trousers; I borrowed a pair from my landlady—they had been her husband's. I tore out the inside lining of my hat, and with my red Bandanna handkerchief, I made a what-do-you-call-it—a Turkish cap, and then started to see the Sultan.

When I got to his palace door, an officer, in a fine uniform, but with his feet exposed to the enemy or anybody else, informed me that he would present me to his majesty.

Said I: "My friend, Epaulettes, I have frequently heard of people being presented to his Sultanate majesty, and they became immovable fixtures to his palace, especially those of the Circassian order; as I profess to be a sir-cash-on, I beg that you will only introduce him to me."

I had been very nervous all that morning—I didn't know why—and when we got to the door of the Sultan's reception room, I t-t-trembled. Yes, I, who had at one time, bravely and without fear, marched boldly and unflinchingly up to a dozen cannon's mouths—in the arsenal at Washington. I, I say—I felt a little shaky! I was about to approach a man whose very shoe-strings I would have been unable to loose, had they been in a hard knot; whose very frown would have petrified me into a pillar of feasters! I was almost scared.

The door was opened. On the opposite side of the room sat the gobble of all the Turkeys! I felt that the grace of America rested on my shoulders. I advanced boldly toward him, until my foot struck an unnoticed mat in the center of the room. I arose to my feet in mortification, and in a hurry, and trod on the officer's untrimmed corns. He gave a courtly squeal. The fall had split the bosom of my robe, and revealed the shirt that had so successfully escaped thirteen wash-days; but I was led up and introduced. I took the Sultan's hand, said I—"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Sultan. I have been in town for a week, waiting for you to call and see me, as I was sure you had heard of my arrival; but I presume business prevented you from fulfilling your heart's desire. I came myself to see you. How do you find yourself to-day?"

He said he was a good deal better than he would be if he was worse, and invited me to *squut*. I did so, but told him I'd never get my legs under me in that manner, and asked him if he had ever served in a tailor-shop to get that peculiar twist in his trotters.

I told him that I had promised my wife that I would certainly see him before I came home, and I asked: "This is you, is it?" and he said, "Apparently."

"And I hope," said I, straightening out one leg that had already got the cramps in it—"I hope your family is well?"

He said he was all well, except his dear LXXXVIIIth wife had the headache that morning.

"But the children, bless them, are well?"

He said they were, with the exception of XLIX, which were down with the measles, and forty-two which had the whooping cough and the mumps.

"My dear Mr. Sultan," said I, slapping him on the back with star-spangled familiarity, "are you fond of beans?"

"What do you think! He absolutely confessed that he had never eaten any. He didn't, in fact, know beans!"

I took his address, and told him I would send him a box as soon as I got home, and then I straightened out my other leg, which had gone to sleep, and was dreaming of needles.

He handed me a pipe, and I smoked like an old stove-pipe, and I did my best to keep my feet under me while they did their best to keep out, and annoyed my courtly dignity very much.

"My well-stuffed Ottoman," said I, "I am pleased to find every thing in your Sultan-dom so much superior to every thing that is not equal to it in the barbarous nations of the West. Indeed, this headache which I have got by smoking this pipe is superior to anything of the kind I ever had in America. My head swims at the sight of your magnificence, and in the fumes of your tobacco. Have you a convenient window where I could get a little fresh air?"

He asked if I was sick.

I told him "no," but not very well.

He said I had better go home.

"No, no," said I; "you run and get me a cup of coffee, and I'll be all right," and I tried to stand up, but my legs were too badly *non compos* standibus.

He inquired if he should black my boots.

I assured him I wouldn't let him do that, and said I should remember this visit as long as there was a reminiscence left of it, and that it should only be forgotten when the last memory of it faded from my mind. I asked him if he hadn't a trifling gold snuff-box, studded with pearls, or a paltry diamond necklace that he could give me to refresh my memory with. I should fondly cherish it, or both, for the donor's sake.

I told him I would like very much to stay a week with him, and receive his kind attentions, or any other thing his Mite-ness might seem pleased to bestow. Then I said a long way off, and the walking in some places was wet, and I would have to tear myself away from him.

But I embraced the opportunity and him, to tell him how pleased I would be to have him come to America, and pay me a visit. We'd move the bed in the front room, and we'd sleep on the floor; we would have some beans; the visit would go much toward snubbing our neighbors. I invited him to bring his family, and board with us.

He said he would be bored. Then I said: "Your royal Midge-estry, farewell! May your shadow keep the same dimensions, and your family never grow less!" Then I fell down three pairs of stairs, and hobbled off.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

Bad men are never completely happy, although possessed of every thing that this world can bestow; and good men are never completely miserable, although deprived of every thing that the world can take away.

Readers and Contributors.

TO CORRESPONDENTS AND AUTHORS.—No MSS. received that are not fully prepaid in postage.—No MSS. preserved for future orders.—Unreliable MSS. promptly returned only when stamps accompany the inclosure, for such return.—Book MSS. postage is two cents for every four ounces, or fraction thereof, but must be marked Book MS., and be sealed in envelopes with open end, in order to pass the mails at "Book rates."—No correspondence of any nature is permissible in a package marked as "Book MSS."—MSS. which are imperfect are not used or wanted. In all cases on which stamps are first upon merit or fitness; second, upon excellence of MS., as copy; third, length. Of two MSS. of equal merit we always prefer the shorter.—Never write on both sides of a sheet. Use Commercial Note size paper as most convenient to editor and compositor, leaving off each page as it is written, and carefully giving it its full or page number.—A rejection by no means implies a want of merit. Many MSS. unavailable to us are well worthy of use—all experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their offerings early attention.—Correspondents must look to this column for all information in regard to contributions. We can not write letters except in special cases.

Can make no use of the following, which are returned, if stamps were inclosed for such purpose: "The Mad Lover," "Doing things by halves," "The two MSS. by E. E. K.," "Romance of a Hair-dresser," "Soldier's Grave," "The Rover," "My Little Sister," "The Old Well," "A New Departure," "Holyrood's Tower," "Those Angels."

The four MSS. by Mrs. M. T. K. we must decline. They are all good enough for some of the numerous Ladies' papers or magazines, whose literature is not of the strongest kind. The sketches are worth not more than \$5 each.

Will find room for the following: "A Confession," "Hits in Bits," "Pirates Song," "The Snow," "Dolores," "Cassandra's Portrait."

The serial, "Rosemary," we like much, but shall have to decline it. It is one-third too long. We, as a general thing, eschew serials that run more than twelve or thirteen numbers. Our idea of a popular paper is concentrated sweets—not diluted.

The three poems by Grace G. we will lay aside, and try and give them place *someday*. Authors of poems must be patient. A good poem we never reject.

"Leo" is informed that we do not write to contributors regarding their MSS. In this column is entered all the reply we have to make.

HERBERT. "St. Nicholas" is the patron saint of Russia, as St. Patrick is of Ireland, and St. George, of Asia Minor, lived a very pious life, performed a great many good deeds, and died, Bishop of Myra, in the year 335.

MRS. E. Z. J. Rufa Wilmet Griswold was born in Benson, Vt. A. D. 1815. Her father, John, then was educated for the ministry; then became a journalist and editor; conducted the old "International Magazine," and after its demise devoted his whole time to the compilation of his noted books—"Poets and Poetry of America," "Prose Writers of America," etc., etc. He was a good friend to many a struggling author, but was greatly detested by a certain literary "set" in New York.

R. C. K. "There is a volume, giving code signals and flags of nations. Inquire for it of any large book-dealer. The serial, "The Snow," is a fine painting," of which there are several excellent manuals.

The contributions by M. E. B. are not worth the same name. "The Snow" is a fine painting," of which there are several excellent manuals.

BEN WOOD. "Yankee" Sullivan was an Irishman, bruiser and prize-fighter, who came to this country in 1840, with a "reputation in the ring." He fought several matches here, his last being with Tom Hyer, a New York butcher, February 6th, 1849. Hyer being declared the "champion," Sullivan died a miserable death in a California prison, some time before he died in much misery in New York, some years since.

WM. S. Send your sketch to some paper for examination. We are not in want of that class of matter.

B. F. W. MS. not available. For the hundredth time, we say we never return rejected contributions unless stamps are enclosed with the MS. for such return.

EN. E. M. Get one of the Patent Paper Cases for binding your SATURDAY JOURNAL. They are sold by booksellers.

E. E. P. We probably should have to say no to your "Queen of the Mohawks," having enough of that class of matter.

MRS. P. F. G. Yes, the Mrs. Elliott, whose serial romance we have announced, is the Mrs. Elizabeth Elliott, so well known by name, and who, for some one of the standard and substantial writers of the country, from whom much is expected. The story which we have from her is something very fine, indeed.

FRANCIS T. M. We never yet knew of an honest or fair "gift enterprise." The "gifts" are, almost without exception, largely over-estimated in value. It is a poor way to make money, and the distribution is made, your chances of drawing a six-hundred-dollar piano, (worth about one-third of that sum) are as good as your chances of drawing the Presidency of an Irish Republic, where women vote, and everybody owns everybody else's property.

HERBERT NEWTON. Allibone's Dictionary of Authors is by far the most elaborate and complete book of its kind, in the literature of any country. His data is marvelous, and his compilation a copy ought to be in every well-ordered library.

MANFIELD BROWN wishes us to answer the following poem: "If two ladies, sisters and co-heirs to a large estate, left by a father, the largest portion of the property to go to the first-born male child of either of them, were to each have a son upon the same day, the one born in New York at one o'clock, and the other in San Francisco, who child would inherit the lion's share?" In precedence of sordid time, of course the child born in New York is the heir; in local time, the child born in San Francisco is first.

H. A. K., of N. J. A comfortable and stylish hat for youth, this season, is the *black felt*, round top. The beaver skin wig, and the *black felt*, round top, style of seal-skin cap is "the thing" for general wear.

NELLIE HAINES. The price of *Valenciennes* lace commences at about \$10 per yard, and ranges as high as \$40 per yard. It is of all widths, and of all qualities as to fineness, as are all other laces or hand-work fabrics.

MOXA HENRY. Fine white alpaca, trimmed with box-platings of green, pink or blue tulle, makes a very pretty evening dress for a young lady. The patterns now to be found of the pattern-dealers, are very perfect guides, both for cut of dress and trimmings.

MARY BROWN. In saluting a bride and groom after marriage, when a gentleman and lady are together, the latter just salutes the bride with the former, while the lady then proceeds to offer her congratulations to the groom, the gentleman following her example. The other custom, where the groom is the groom, when women have their rights, this, doubtless, will be changed—as it should be! We go in for *that* reform.

BETTIE, LUCY AND EFFIE. The letters from the three above-named ladies, all ask about the same question, so we answer them together. There are no regular rules regarding the behavior of engaged people toward each other in public or in private. "There is many a slip 'twixt cup and the lip," is an old saying, and worthy of belief, so young ladies should be exceedingly careful, when engaged, not to compromise themselves in *any way*, which would prevent them looking the gentlemen squarely in the face, should the engagements be broken off. Let all girls be uncompromising to themselves, when engaged, and they will be respected more, and have no cause for after-regrets, should their engagements not result in marriage.

ALICE RUGG. Square, black nails, dotted, are very fashionable now.

ROBERT FIELD. You have no right to compromise a lady by marked attention to an evening party; even if engaged to her, you should not, by your constant presence, prevent other gentlemen from being attentive to her.

ANNE ROSE. Long braids, worn down the back *a la Ninette*, are fashionable for young ladies this season. The ends of the braids may be ornamented with a becoming color of ribbon.

MOTHER. A pretty costume for a little miss of eight or ten years of age is a pink or white, narrow black bonnet, pink silk stockings, black shoes, with pink *gros grain* bows to match the shade of the dress.

JULIA W. The beautiful poem—"Rock me to Sleep, Mother," still has its authorship doubted. Mrs. Akers and Mr. Ball have both proved—to their several friends—that they wrote the poem. So have a number of others proved the poem to have been written by themselves. We, for ourselves, regard Mrs. Akers as the proper claimant.

MAJOR FRAZER. It is perfectly proper for you to act as groomsmen, for your friends

FLIGHT OF FANCY ON CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.

Carols of Spring, adieu, adieu!
 Roses of Summer, a fond adieu!
 Rues of Autumn, fields of bloom,
 Farewell, farewell, for Winter has come!
 No more are seen
 Those gardens of green,
 Rich with the fragrance of flowers and dew,
 But snow—pure snow!
 Is spreading below
 Soft tears from the depth of heaven's bright blue.
 Meadows of sweets, adieu, adieu!
 Birds that have loved me, a fond adieu!
 Grasses of velvet, skies so warm,
 Farewell to those scenes of mystic charm!
 Winds are sighing—
 The flocks are flying,
 Tossing and whirling in air so cold;
 A laugh, a sigh,
 A moan or a cry,
 Speaks joy or sorrow for young and old,
 For all have not in equal shared;
 Where some are warm and well prepared,
 Others, starving, weak and lean,
 Are dying in that blast so keen.
 But, on and on I tread, and deep, and white,
 Nothing so pure as that virgin sight—
 Mists of snow, that relentless fall,
 Yet in their beauty calling for all.
 Rivers and streams,
 Like those of dream,
 Bordered and lined with crystal wreaths,
 That bend and sway
 In a playful way
 Lapping the water that runs beneath.
 Hark!—merry bells—jing! jing!—jing! jing!
 Musical ringing with voices gay;
 The whip crack! Hey!—jing! jing!—jing! jing!
 Sleights that are racing, away! away!
 Silver of moonlight, laugh and song—
 Faster! Faster! speeding along—
 Dusts of snow on the air of night,
 Whirling and dancing left and right!
 And the bells! the bells! jing! jing!—jing! jing!
 Merriest echoes to every spring
 Made by the horses,
 In heavenly courses—
 Jing! jing!—crack! crack!—hey!—hey!
 Room for the winner!—make way! make way!
 See!—like a meteor shoots the sleigh,
 And passing the rest, it seems to say:
 "Come!—to the race! and win if you may!"
 Now fainter and fainter sound the bells;
 And into a cot that's bare and chill,
 We go to find, in hunger and ill,
 A beggar whose form is stiff and still,
 Who heard the music of jingling bells,
 And fast and sound,
 As they dashed along,
 But now was dead—had died in tears,
 E'en while their laughter came to his ears!
 Afar from scenes of grief, afar,
 Beyond the beggar's voice, afar,
 From moon to shine on prayer to mar,
 Halls are bedecked with green and gold,
 Curtains are draped in gorgeous fold;
 Bands are crashing,
 Lights are flashing,
 Flaring,
 Gayest of gay in splendor move,
 Careless of thoughts that might reprove;
 Jewels are glittering, sparkling wine,
 Worthy to pledge the gods divine,
 Flows unstopped at the festive board,
 And o'er and o'er
 The gleaming floor,
 Heedless of the libations poured,
 Revelers of Perspichore
 Exciting all
 Delighting all—
 But into a parrot, black and dark,
 We go to find, in a hushed form,
 Shuddering at the winter's storm,
 Who works and works by a candle's spark,
 Her fingers numb, her features wan,
 And still she is working on and on,
 Barring a pittance, to purchase bread,
 Or a shroud to wrap her when she's dead!
 Ha! I day is at hand! The radiant glow
 Of midnight falls, the stars are low,
 Tinting the untrod bosom of snow.
 Arouse! Arouse! 'Tis the Christmas morn!
 Girls and boys,
 Loaded with toys,
 Shout their huzzas
 For Santa Claus.
 And bells are tolling 'Tis the Christmas morn!
 Then, up from the vale where sadness keeps
 Apace with joy, there's a voice that weeps—
 The voice of the wanderer! Homeless, worn,
 He, too, is hopeful, this Christmas morn!
 And to the lights,
 His tear-dimmed eyes,
 Begging for strength to totter along—
 Begging again from the pitiless throng.
 Oh, ye, whose proud purses swelling with gold,
 Fear not the woe with which poverty grips,
 Give some to the poor wretch who roams in the cold,
 And though not enough to keep him alive,
 'Tis sweet to know there is one who will strive
 To bless you, ere death chills the prayer on his lips!

The Red Rajah:

OR,
THE SCOURGE OF THE INDIES.
A TALE OF THE MALAYAN ISLES.

BY FREDERICK WHITTAKER,

(LAUNCE PONTINE).

AUTHOR OF "MUSTANG HUNTERS," "KNIGHT
OF THE RUBIES," "THE GRIZZLY WOLF-
TERS," "THE BLACK WIZARD,"
ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

MISS EARLE.

OLD EARLE'S florid face, with a ring of white hair surrounding it, glowed with self-satisfaction, as he continued his discourse.
 "Yes, Mr. Peyton—yes, captaining, and my Julia—though I say it, as shouldn't say it—is just as handsome a gal as you could see if you was hoot on a 'oliday. She'd be just as fit to walk hinto 'is Royal 'ighness' drawin'-room as many a 'oughty duchess I've knowed."
 Claude smiled covertly at Pendleton. The latter took his cheroot from his mouth, and observed:
 "I don't in the least doubt it, Mr. Earle. But, then, you must remember that my simple Americans have no dukes or duchesses, nor even royal highnesses."
 "I know it, captaining," answered the worthy merchant. "But then, you see, I've been in America myself, and I know 'ow much difference there is among you, too. Why, there's more pride in one of them 'ere Knickerbockers, or a 'Hef-hef-see', than in many a lord. No, thank 'Eaven, captaining, I ain't got any low, beastly pride about me, and I'd just as soon my Julia should 'ave a 'Hef-hef-see' as a 'Hingling' aristocrat. Mr. Peyton, sir, you ain't a-drinking. 'Eip yourself, and pass the bottle.'"
 Claude's face was red with suppressed laughter, which he concealed by choking over his wine; but Mr. Earle was quite unconscious of the ludicrous effect of his cool proposition, combined with his peculiar accent.
 Pendleton was one of those quiet, grave, gentlemanly men, who have acquired the art of appearing impassive under the cover of a black beard. By dint of stroking this, and humming and having a little, he managed to keep his countenance perfectly grave.
 "Ah! yes—yes—yes, Mr. Earle," he drawled, pulling very hard at his beard; "and so you would just as soon Miss Julia should marry an F. F. V. as a lord? Ah!"
 "The worthy gentleman means F. F. V., we presume," [Ed.]

yes—I see. I assure you I feel complimented, and so does Mr. Peyton."
 "No compliment at all, captaining," answered the worthy man. "I'm a plain-spoken man, I am, and, dammy, if I like a man, I tell him so. There's no beastly pride about John Earle. I lived in America four or five year, afore I came 'ere, sir; and, dammy, I like the Americans. Yes, sir, Captaining Pendleton, you ain't a-drinking, sir. 'Eip yourself, and pass the bottle. No 'eetaps, gents. I'm a-goin to give you a toast, I am. Mr. Peyton, sir, fill your glass. 'Ere's a very good 'ealth and a hexcellent 'usbond to my gal, Julia—bless 'er! And may I live to see my grand-children a-toddlin' round 'er 'eels, and we miles away from this blasted 'ole of a island."
 Claude and Pendleton swallowed the toast with all due honors to the fair Julia. Papa Earle had finished something over a bottle of port since dinner, and, as his utterance thickened, his affection for his daughter increased.
 "Gents, both," he said, waving his wine-glass gracefully, "you don't know what a treasure the 'appy man will 'ave 'oo gets my Julia. She's the 'ansomest, the 'aughtiest, and the hedericest gal in Singapore, if I do say it, as shouldn't say it. Why, bless your 'art, she knows as much as a Hoxford professor, she does. She can jabber French and Italian, sing hoperas, and you ought to see 'er at a 'op.'"
 "A 'op—a ball—a kick-up at the governor's 'ouse—a dance. Lord, sir! She can dance like a slyrup."
 Here Claude Peyton could stand it no longer. Pendleton had been giving him sly winks for some time, with the malicious intention of provoking an explosion.
 Mr. Earle's "slyrup," whether he meant a slyrup or a slyph, was one too much.
 Forgetting politeness, etiquette, and all, he dashed from the piazza, and ran down the steps into the garden, where he disappeared behind a rose-thicket, and burst out, yelling with laughter.
 The fuddled merchant turned, gravely, to Pendleton.
 "I was afraid your friend 'ad been drinkin' too much, captaining. I suppose 'is awful sick 'ust now. I'm very sorry for the young fellow, captaining; but if a man don't know 'ow to stop when 'e's 'ad enough, I ain't to blame. Me and you, captaining, is temperate men. 'Ere's your very good 'ealth, and 'opin' as 'ow we may see each hother hoften."
 And Mr. Earle gravely pledged the captain in a tumbler of port wine, which he had filled by mistake.
 Pendleton shook his head sagaciously.
 "You say very true, Mr. Earle," he observed. "It is a sad spectacle to see one so young unable to carry off his bottle of port, but we must forgive him. Poor Peyton is an excellent fellow, Mr. Earle, and one of our best families."
 "The very best, sir," returned the old gentleman, wagging his head knowingly, as he refilled his tumbler. "I've been at the 'Erdal's office in Lunnon, and seen the Peyton pedigree. They was hundered gentry in the hold country, afore Columbus was 'ard of. And many's the time as I've been on their place in Virginia. I tell you what it is, captaining—if your friend and my Julia's a notion to 'itch 'osses together, I ain't the man to say 'em nay. No beastly pride about John Earle."
 And he winked knowingly at the other, as he drained his second tumbler.
 While the excellent master of the house was thus dispensing hospitality and praises of his Julia to the American captain, Claude Peyton had his laugh out, all to himself behind the rose thicket. When he was fairly over it, however, he felt very much ashamed of it, and did not dare to go back, till he had invented some excuse for his incivility, such as sickness, etc.
 While revolving in his mind what to do, the flutter of a white dress at the turn of one of the long gravel walks caught his eye. Claude was a susceptible youth, and the sight of a woman's dress generally sent him off toward it. He strolled down the walk, with as much unconcern as he could assume; and, turning the curve, found himself before an arbor, all covered with camellias and tube-roses. In the arbor, as he had expected, was the Julia, whose praises had been so loudly sung since dinner-time.
 Now, Julia Earle was an exceedingly handsome girl. Her father had not been far wrong, when he said that she was the handsomest, the haughtiest and best educated girl in Singapore. She was all that, and more, too. She would have challenged attention in any drawing-room. Julia was quite tall for a woman, above the average of her sex. Her face was severely beautiful, of the keen, aquiline type, with a short, curved upper lip, and a round, firm chin, that betokened it's owner to have a will of her own. Her eyes were very large, and blue, of that flashing, steely blue so seldom seen. Her hair was remarkably profuse, and of the brightest gold, thrown back in an imperial wave from her white forehead; and falling in a shower of curls over a jeweled comb at the back of the shapely head. Although so tall, Miss Earle possessed hands and feet of remarkable beauty, and was quite conscious of it.
 Indeed, a certain air of haughty consciousness was the only defect in her beauty. She looked like a queen in her own right, and treated every one as if they had been her subjects.
 Claude Peyton had seen her at the dinner-table, before. But the room, according to custom in that sultry climate, having been darkened to a sort of twilight, he had only obtained a general impression of a tall blonde, a creature he ordinarily detested. The fair Julia, moreover, had said not a word during dinner, except "Thank you," on one occasion. The Virginian's impression, therefore, had been decidedly unfavorable, and the vulgar praise of the muddy old father had disposed him to look upon the fair Julia as a "clump of the old block."
 He was so struck with surprise at the actual beauty of the young lady, that he stood dumb for a few moments, hesitating whether to advance.
 The beautiful Julia was lying back in the corner of a large rustic seat of bamboo, with a book in her hand, which she laid down the moment she saw Peyton.
 When she spoke, it was in a low, contralto voice, very deep and sweet, with a slight tinge of the haughty air.
 "What? Are you tired of your wine already, Mr. Peyton? I thought that your gentlemen were safe to stay at the table till sunset. A cigar and a decanter are temptations but few can resist."
 "May I ask who you mean by 'you,' Miss Earle?" inquired our hero, with a smile.

He thought to himself that this young lady was a curious creature, not to say rude.
 "Oh! I mean you, Mr. Earle," returned the lady; "perhaps I ought to say gentlemen, but then one sees so few nowadays."
 "Pretty cool, that," muttered our hero; "this girl wants to fight, I see."
 Aloud, he replied:
 "I suppose it is the influence of the ladies that is lacking to reform them, Miss Earle. Woman rules the world, you know; and if she cannot teach her subjects manners, it is most probably her own fault."
 "I deny the inference," returned Miss Earle, brightening up. (She loved a conversational sparring match.) "Woman has no power. If she had, she would soon teach you men manners."
 "And wherein have I failed in mine, Miss Earle?"
 "In staying too long at table, sir. It may do for old-fashioned Englishmen like papa. But you Americans have given up that custom, long ago."
 Beyond the fact of referring to her father as "Pa," every thing about Miss Earle betokened a woman of education and refinement, with a keen, aggressive mind, fully up to the topics of the day. Peyton was charmed.
 "I cry you mercy, Miss Earle," he said; "but I could not venture to dictate to a man in his own house, and I made my escape as soon as I decently could."
 "You are forgiven, sir," returned the lady, graciously. "And now tell me how you like the East."
 "Well enough to stay here for a long time, if I always had your company," returned Peyton, seating himself by the fair one, and doing the insinuating.
 Julia looked at him out of her great, solemn eyes for a moment, as if a little puzzled. She frightened most men; but this handsome, impudent American was not to be scared away by proud looks. His merry brown eyes had a lurking humor in them, that told the fair Julia that he was actually amused with her—with her, the belle of Singapore.
 She felt angry for one moment, but the next found it hard to resist his handsome face. Few women could, for Claude was one of those tall, graceful, active young fellows, who delight the fair sex at sight, and as his powers of mind were equal, he did not disappoint in conversation.
 The fair Julia tried all her wit and sarcasm to put him down. She was fond of putting young men down. But she could not put this one down. She found that he knew more than she did, and that his conversation was charming.
 They soon fell into talking about books, and Peyton found that the young lady was a great admirer of Gail Hamilton, Mrs. Stowe, and the other American ladies who champion woman's rights.
 But as the Virginian belonged to the opposite party, they soon fell into a lively discussion, which ended in leaving them better friends; for they respected each other. No young and pretty woman ever belongs to the woman's rights' party seriously, and Miss Julia was by no means displeased to find her master. Few women are.
 So they loitered in the arbor till the sun had set, leaving the bright moon high in heaven above them, set in a bed of glittering stars.
 Claude began to like his beautiful companion very well. He had not met such a handsome and well-educated woman ever since he had left home, and the romantic surroundings contributed to make her interesting.
 As the shades of evening drew on, their rambling talk left the subject of woman's rights gradually, and wandered to poetry—dangerous subject!
 The sighing of the night-breeze, the perfume of the tube-roses, the delicious trill of the bulbul, from the jasmine thicket close by, all began to have their influence on Claude, who was growing more tender every moment, and the lady less reserved.
 But any love-passion was prevented by the sudden apparition of a white-robed servant, who approached, salaaming profoundly.
 He bore the sahib's compliments to the strange sahib and the lady. They were recommended to enter the house, as tigers might be around. Julia Earle exhibited some alarm, and hurried in. Claude asked the *kutumbagar* if he was in earnest.
 "Sertain, yes, sahib," the Bengal replied, bowing profoundly. "Tiger prowls round here every night. Go into Singapore. Kill Chinaman every night."
 The dense "J" ejaculated Peyton. "Pleasant country this, to live in, where you have to keep in the house at nights for fear of tigers."
 And he followed his hostess into the drawing-room, where they played chess till ten o'clock. "Pa" did not put in an appearance. He was already fast asleep, and Pendleton was gone back to his ship.
 Claude was installed in the merchant's house, till he should chide to leave Singapore. As he lay awake in his room that night, he fancied that he might feel inclined to stay a considerable time.

CHAPTER IX.

RAJAH RAJAH.

THERE was a ball at the Government-house, and Claude Peyton, Esquire, was among the invited guests. It was a brilliant affair. The room was of the largest size, brightly lighted, and full of people. Starched Englishmen in solemn black, with the stiffest of white chokers; Malay Rajahs in jacket and sarong, glittering with gold and jewels, kris in sash; Dutch burghers of the old settlements, fat and beer-loving; opulent Chinese merchants in silk robes and long pig-tails; military and naval officers, all gold lace and clattering swords; beautiful ladies, swimming about in clouds of silk and tulle; all these various sights saluted our hero's eyes as he entered the room, accompanying old Mr. Earle and his daughter.
 The beautiful Julia looked splendid. As was her custom, she was attired in white, her curls crowned with camellias. Her dress was ornamented in a very curious and brilliant manner, by inclosing about a hundred fire-fires in the transparent gauze of the skirts and corsage, which glittered and flashed in different points of view, attracting universal attention to their wearer.
 As Claude Peyton passed his arm around the waist of the beautiful girl, in the first waltz, he felt a thrill of triumph. He could see plainly enough that there were fifty fellows in the room who envied him. The lady could also feel that there were hundreds of girls who were sneering at her. But, as envy in a ball-room is only another sort of

flattery, neither of them felt much grieved about the remarks passing about them.
 As it is against etiquette to dance with the same lady more than once, Claude Peyton relinquished his partner at the end of the waltz, and was soon deep in the mysteries of the "Lancers" with another lady. This was a pretty little widow, with immense conversational powers, and she kept our hero hard at work answering her animated chatter.
 In the buzz of conversation that floated around in the pauses of the dance, Peyton was struck by the frequent repetition of the name of some Malay potentate, which was on everybody's lips. He had never heard it before, and it puzzled him.
 "Who is this Bajak Rajah, that every one talks about?" he asked of his pretty partner.
 "I don't know," she answered; "I never heard the name before to-night."
 "Bajah is the Malay word for pirate," said Claude, musingly. "But who ever heard of a pirate, called a Rajah?"
 "Oh! I know who you mean now," said little Mrs. Miller. "You mean that terrible monster the people call the Red Rajah. I've often heard of him. They say he bathes in human blood every morning. But I hardly believe that."
 "I suppose not," said Claude, smiling; and the conversation was turned to something else.
 But they could not avoid hearing the same name in everybody's mouth around them, till the widow pettishly exclaimed:
 "I wish they would leave that poor man's name alone. I get tired of hearing of his wickednesses."
 Claude danced vigorously till midnight, when he had the pleasure of escorting Miss Julia Earle to supper, and waiting upon her there.
 After supper, he began to conclude that he had better rest awhile, for he was tired out. To that end he strolled into the card-room adjoining, where all the heavy fathers of the town were enjoying themselves hugely over their quiet rubber of whist. Here he found old Mr. Earle, red-faced and jolly as ever, in a quartette of old fogies similar to himself, discussing some recent subject in whist, concerning returning the lead of a queen, when you were strong in trumps, etc., as he at first imagined.
 As soon as the old gentleman saw him, he hailed him.
 "Peyton, my boy, precious 'ot, ain't it? You know Mr. McGrowl, don't you? Yes. You've seen 'im and Blathers hoften at my 'ouse. Hi say, Briggs, you know Mr. Peyton, don't you? Yes, of course."
 Nods and grins from the old fogies. Earle pursues:
 "We was just a-talkin', when you come in, of that horful villain as they call Bajak Rajah. Some calls 'im the Red Rajah, too. 'E's been at it again. 'E's been and gone and burnt one of Blathers' and McGrowl's ships. Blowed if 'e 'asn't. It's perfectly 'orrid the way that chap's a-goin' on in these 'ere seas."
 "And who is this Bajak Rajah?" inquired Claude. "Is he a noted man?" This is the twentieth time I've heard of him."
 "I should think so," growled old Blathers. "He's the king of all the pirates in the archipelago, people say. Nobody knows where he lives, or when to expect him. Before he came around here there were pirates, to be sure. These seas were never without them. But this fellow seems to have combined them into a sort of league, and does terrible mischief. Why, he's even got the best of a single man-of-war at times. There was the corvette 'Vengeance', was blown up by him near two years ago now. An eighteen-gun corvette, she was. Since that time he's burnt and pillaged over fifty ships of all sizes, and laughs at our navy."
 "But, why don't they root the fellow out?" inquired Peyton. "Surely there are enough ships-of-war in this harbor to do it."
 "Much the captains care," interrupted Mr. Duncan McGrowl. "They're so interested in the China trade, and making errands to go to Calcutta, that this Red Rajah does about as he pleases. Besides, it's a hard thing to catch him. His fleet of prahus are all flyers. Nothing short of steam can catch them, and when they see a steamer they run into the shallows, and escape to the shore."
 "But, don't the steamers send in boats to burn them?" asked the Virginian. "It seems to me that they might destroy these pirates afore awhile. I thought that Rajah Brooke, your English friend, had nearly exterminated the pirates of the islands."
 "They're as bad as ever since he left," returned McGrowl. "This devil of a Red Rajah has stirred them up all over, till it's not safe to put out a ship for Trepan or Sago without arming her heavily."
 "It seems to me," remarked the American, "that if I was a merchant here, I wouldn't stand that sort of thing long."
 "Well, what are we going to do about it?" asked Mr. Earle, who had been listening to the conversation, puffily and impatiently.
 By this time quite a knot of the solid men of Singapore were gathered together in the corner of the card-room, discussing the misdemeanors of the Red Rajah.
 "Yes, sir," observed Mr. Peter Briggs to a brother merchant. "It's a hactual fact. Thirty thousand pounds as our 'ouse lost by that thunderin' blackguard. Three ships had a brig, all well loaded, and not a penny saved, nor a man left alive."
 Another old gentleman had a story of a fleet of Chinese junkies dispersed and captured by the terrible Rajah. The leading mandarins had been held to ransom, and the city of Canton had to pay an immense sum of hard silver dollars, to get them back. So the stories went on, each increasing in atrocity. The Red Rajah's reputation appeared to have extended far and wide; for his fleet seemed to be ubiquitous. One time he would be heard of cruising in the neighborhood of Japan, or intercepting the English clippers running for Shanghai, with their bags of silver dollars, to buy tea. The next he would make his appearance, carrying terror among the Calcutta Indiamen, or intercepting the outward bound vessels off Madras. And wherever he was seen, it was always the same story. His prahus appeared to defy pursuit. They were the swiftest craft afloat on the seas. Even steamers had been left behind him when the wind was fair.
 The secret of their speed was a mystery. The common Malay prahu was by no means so swift. But these vessels appeared to be built on some peculiar model, unknown to the natives in general; for no clipper had been able to catch them, or escape from them.
 Peyton listened to all these wonderful stories with some impatience. At last he said:
 "Gentlemen, I see what is wanting here.

It is only a little unity and courage. If there were enough American merchants here, this Red Rajah of yours would not have scourged the seas so long as he has. The government doesn't seem to care to protect you. Why don't you protect yourselves, then? There are plenty of men in this room, who, if they were to combine together, and fit out a good steamer, could soon drive this pirate from the seas he has tyrannized over so long. Why don't you do it? You are making immense profits in your trade here, and might be merchant-princes in a few years. But this audacious pirate threatens to rob you of all you have. Well, then, combine together. Buy or charter a swift vessel; arm her with cannon, ay, and mitrailleurs, too. There are three of them in this very harbor. I'll engage to clear out every pirate from these seas in six weeks, if you'll give me such a vessel, and ask nothing for my services."
 When the fiery young man had finished, there was a silence. Wise old fogies looked solemnly at each other, and wagged their heads. The idea was too bold to take up its abode in the British brain all at once.
 At last old Blathers grunted out:
 "God bless my soul, young man! Do you know what you're talking about? Why, the government wouldn't allow us to put to sea."
 "The government need not know any thing about it," said Peyton, quietly. "You've a right to fit out a vessel to protect your property on sea, just as much as to have watchmen on land. She may be called a trader, an opium clipper, anything, so long as she has the men and arms on board. Take your time, gentlemen. Call a meeting of your merchants to-morrow, if you like, and discuss the subject. That's all I have to say."
 And he returned to the ball-room, to dance till daylight.
 The fruit of the young man's audacious proposition took about forty-eight hours to fructify.
 On the third day, at evening, Mr. Earle came home from Singapore, and found Claude in the harbor, busily engaged in conversation with the lovely Julia.
 "It's all right, my boy," burst out the old gentleman, puffing, as he wiped his streaming face. "They've 'ad the meeting, and they've voted a thousand pounds apiece to fit out the vessel. She's a-going to be got ready at once, and they're hofferin' you the command."
 Julia Earle looked disappointed, as Claude jumped to his feet with a loud hurrah.
 "You seem to be very glad to get away from this dull place," she said, pettishly.
 "Not a bit of it," he answered. "But what is life without excitement? I'll bring you back the Red Rajah's head, and Singapore shall sleep tranquil."
 In a very few days Claude Peyton made all his preparations. The governor had been visited by a deputation of the principal merchants of the place, and readily granted the requisite authority to cruise against the pirates.
 The new and teak-built clipper brig "Arrow," of five hundred tons, fitted with a small auxiliary screw, and hitherto an opium smuggler, was bought of her owners.
 Peyton superintended the armament which consisted of only three guns. But one of these was a fifty-pound rifle, and the other two were the dreaded Gatling guns. All three had been sent out as a speculation to sell to the Dutch authorities of Java. The cautious mynbers had declined to purchase them, and they had lain in the warehouse of Earle, Hoskins & Co., as unsaleable.
 But now they appeared destined to take an important part in the expedition on foot. Peyton had seen the Gatling guns tried at Washington, and knew what tremendous weapons they were in the hands of brave men. He felt no doubt of his ability to fight any fleet of pirates that the Red Rajah could bring against him.
 Fully armed and equipped with a crew composed of twenty different nationalities, from the cool, steady American, down to the quiet, impassive Malay, he sailed out of the harbor of Singapore, in the swift brig, new-named, in honor of her mission, the "Avenger."
 We must leave him embarked on his mission, to return to our much-neglected little heroine, and tell the world what has become, in all this time, of Marguerite de Favannes.
 (To be continued—Commenced in No. 90.)

The Flaming Talisman:

OR,
THE UNFULFILLED VOW.

BY A. P. MORRIS, JR.,

AUTHOR OF "THE BLACK CRESCENT," "HOODWINKED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XV.

JUST TOO LATE, CHRISTOPHER!

"Sweet Hope! celestial influence round me shed,
 Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head."
 KEATS.

The officer who had suffered at the hands of Meg Semper and the African, was, when our friend discovered him, just returning to consciousness.
 His face was bloody, his clothes were torn, his hat was missing, and his head ached in consequence of the terrible blows Nemil had bestowed upon it.
 Crewly knelt by his side and peered into his disfigured face, while the others clustered around him.
 "I say," exclaimed the lawyer, "what's the matter?"
 A low moan was the only reply he received.
 "Poor fellow! He has been roughly handled," said Waldron, while Mr. Bernard looked on in wondering silence.
 "Say, George, how'd you get in this fix?" inquired his brother officer, solicitously.
 Another groan.
 "Here—I guess you aren't quite dead yet, are you?" interrogated Crewly, bending lower to look into the pale, bloody countenance.
 "I'm killed!" blurted the man, with a moan.
 "He has been fatally injured in some way," spoke Lucy Bernard, in a sympathetic tone.
 "Hold on," admonished the lawyer. "If you talk in that style, he'll think he's got his last sickness, and we'll have an opussum corpse on hand. Strikes me, he isn't within considerable of being done for, yet." Then to the man:
 "I say, where are you hurt most?"
 "I'm killed!" seemed to be the only re-

ply he could make, and the words were half choked.

"But, whereabouts, eh?"

"My head—it's split!"

"Nary split," declared Crewly, feeling the head, and soon pronouncing it in a solid condition.

"Isn't it cracked?" now venturing to open his eyes, and appearing hugely astonished.

"No sir. Been stabbed?"

"I don't know," in a voice so dismal as to be ludicrous.

"Been shot?"

"I don't know."

"Um! Sum and substance of the whole: got your nose punched and laid down to die. You'll do; consider yourself engaged. Now, get up—jump! Who did this? How did you get mowed?"

Thus commanded, and partly convinced that he was not yet killed by half, the man essayed to gain his feet—aided by Crewly, who grasped him by the collar—and succeeded in standing before them, rocking unsteadily, and with features most woeful in expression.

After repeated questions, the story of his encounter, defeat and condition, was told. When the particulars were arrived at, Crewly turned to his companions and said, dryly:

"Just in time to miss 'em! Hang it! Well, can't do any thing more to-night—ha!"

A thought struck him—"Yes, we can, too! Come—shoot you! Back to your house, Bernard. Leave this to me—your's forever, much. I've got the clue. Business. No time to waste. You're discharged." The last to the officers; and he added, to the one with the ill-used head: "Find a pump at the corner; better renovate your phiz a little."

"What now, Crewly," asked Waldron.

"What's to be done?"

"Leave it to me, I say. You and Bernard go home. I'll find her. Understand? Now then, no time to lose. I'm off." And he was.

Like a shadow, he silently, swiftly sped away across the adjoining lot, leaving them to wonder what plan had entered his fertile brain, and upon what he based his hopes of still being able to find and recover Cecilia.

The two policemen returned to their post at the station, where the man whom Nemil had punished created much sympathy by his sorrowful story, and the condoling support of his comrade in the night's adventure.

Bernard and Waldron hailed a cab.

The unhappy parent was for a long time silent, during the ride homeward, and Waldron, his own mind plunged in discouraging reflections, was silent as he.

But, Lacy Bernard was, evidently, thinking on else than his child, for he murmured, in a low voice, while his head sunk forward on his breast:

"Reginald, Reginald—and I thought you so true, upright, worthy of her love! How I was deceived in you!"

Waldron started from his reveries and looked at him.

"Did you speak, Mr. Bernard?"

"I was thinking of Reginald Darnley," replied Bernard, abstractedly.

"I have heard of him—son of the manufacturer, is he not? Report does not speak well of him."

"Ah! you know—"

"I know him to be a gambler," said Waldron, as his friend hesitated.

Bernard sighed.

"What is the matter, Mr. Bernard?"

"And, to think that I was so completely deceived in him," was the incoherent response.

"You knew him?" questioned Waldron.

Lacy Bernard glanced into the young man's face, then said, after a moment:

"Knew him?—yes. He was to have been my daughter's husband."

Waldron's heart gave a great thump. He repeated the words in a tremulous whisper. Then, like a flash, came thoughts of Cecilia's mysterious behavior in the forenoon of that day. Was this, then, the explanation? She was the betrothed of another when he had asked her hand. But, her father had said "was"—was to have been his daughter's husband. What had transpired since morning, to bring about the change? Had he given way to his own surmises and excited frame of mind as much as a second longer, calmness would have been impossible. But, he asked:

"Was Reginald Darnley engaged to be married to Cecilia?"

"Yes, they were to be wedded, soon."

"You say it was so. Is it not so now?"

"No, no, thank Heaven! My eyes are opened. Reginald Darnley is a gambler, a libertine, every thing that would warrant my breaking off the engagement, and forbidding him my house."

Henry Waldron's heart was palpitating fast; his breath was short. So, this was the explanation; this was why Cecilia could not, would not pledge him her hand, even though she loved him. But, he asked another question:

"And when—when did you discover this of Reginald Darnley? When was the engagement between him and Cecilia annulled?"

"I learned all of him, early this afternoon. The intelligence came from his own father, and he also told me that, to preserve the family honor, he had disowned his son."

"Cecilia, then, is free?"

"Yes, she is free."

"Does she know—this of the man she was about to marry?"

"No. Though, when she does, she would avoid him as a serpent."

"Yes, yes; she would. So pure a nature as hers would not tolerate so vile a presence."

"Henry Waldron, you love her?"

"I do! Mr. Bernard, I worship the air she breathes! I can offer her a name as spotless as the fresh-fallen snow. I can bestow a heart unsullied by one drop of evil blood. In position, I am her equal; and, in the affection I entertain, I am sincere as I am worthy—"

"But, if she would only return your love—"

"She will; she does. From her own lips I know she would be mine, but for the engagement which you now tell me is broken. Dare I hope for your countenance? Will you encourage this? If Cecilia is free, will you aid me?"

Bernard grasped his hand in a warm hold.

"Find her—and her, Harry, and she is yours! I shall feel proud in seeing her your wife, for I know you are all that you have said. But, I fear she is lost—lost! Where can she be!—and, with the conclusion of his speech, he relapsed again into the melancholy of despair.

"Have faith!" cried the young man, hopefully. "I have unlimited confidence in Mr. Crewly; and, evidently, he has some clue. Cecilia is not yet lost!"

"I will be resigned; I will wait. Heaven aid me!"

Christopher Crewly, after so abruptly leaving his friends, strode toward the depot. His object was apparent.

"I heard this rascal say," he muttered, "that he'd leave town to-night. Washington, D. C., eh? and Reginald Darnley—vaguely—goes after him in the morning train, after poisoning his father. Dog! Guess my note will spoil that phase of the business. Wonder if the policeman delivered it in time—the note? That old villain was in the house, also dilapidated bag, also a big negro, also sparkling beauty whose impudence pretty near upset my equilibrium, also Cecilia Bernard—saw her distinctly. Crewly, you wretch! you're getting nervous. I will follow me, will you? Take that!" the last to a skeletoned canine which persistently dogged his footsteps, and which now skulked yelping away, having been treated to a forcible whack from the white umbrella.

Gaining the street, Crewly quickened his pace. Soon he came in sight of the depot, and a self-satisfied look rested upon his comically-grave face.

"Just in time—", but, even as he spoke, there sounded a shrill whistle, a clanging gong—the buzz and hum of many voices reached his ear, together with the deadened rumble of the departing cars.

A minute sooner, and he would have been in time. He stopped short before the entrance, and, in a vexed way, completed the interrupted sentence with:

"To miss 'em again!"

He at once retraced his steps, in no very good humor, facing for Lacy Bernard's house. Suddenly recollecting that he was a long way from the residence of that gentleman, he called a cab.

"That she's with them, I'm certain," he mused aloud, settling himself comfortably back in the cushions and placing the handle of the umbrella to his lips in a thoughtful way. "That the old villain has gone on that train, is likewise indisputable—according to the programme between him and Rex Darnley. That I'm in a momentary fix, I take it for granted. Only momentary, though. Look out, rascals! I'm after you like lockjaw. And my cow case comes off for final trial next week, too. Hope I'll be back in time. For I'm going after 'em, just as sure as perseverance can't be beat!"

CHAPTER XVI.

"I am giddy; expectation whirls me round."

"Should Disappointment, parent of Despair, strive for her son to seize my careless heart!"

Our friend, Christopher Crewly, stood in Wambole's well-known restaurant on E street, glancing carelessly over the many theater bills that hung promiscuously from the little screen near the door, and, occasionally, his restless gray eyes wandered about the long room, darting back to the entrance, and again to the programmes.

He was waiting and watching.

Being pretty well advised, through the conversation between Henriq and Darnley, which he had listened to at the saloon in Richmond, he had started immediately for Washington, and now awaited the appearance of the two, according to their engagement for that evening.

Reginald Darnley, little suspected, when he seated himself in the car at the Richmond depot, that there were two steel-gray eyes watching him intently, marking his every movement with cat-like patience; and this surveillance was closely continued throughout the trip.

But, the lawyer had been thrown off the scent by a momentary relaxation in his vigil.

As the train wound around before the capitol, he glanced from the window, to look up Pennsylvania avenue—the scene of former adventures vividly impressed upon his memory. When he turned again to where Reginald had been sitting, the latter had disappeared.

A day was spent in wandering about town, hoping that chance would enable him to spot the young man, but without success. He knew, however, that the old villain would meet his dupe on that night, at the restaurant aforementioned.

The peculiar "R." of the lawyer attracted attention and excited remark—particularly with a well known party—Capt. R.—whose handsome face, flashy attire and good-humored wit made him notorious there.

The hands of the clock indicated ten minutes to eight.

Crewly had drunk twice at the bar—lemonade—and was beginning to grow uneasy.

"Hang it," he muttered, "Washington seems to be a vexatious place for me, anyhow. Only last winter, and my patience well nigh poisoned—ah—! a footstep sounded in the doorway, and some one entered."

It was Gerard Henriq.

The appearance of the old man relieved Crewly considerably. He followed him, covertly, with his eyes, and his lips screwed themselves into a series of pickers, while the white umbrella was more snugly tightened under his arm.

Henric advanced to the bar, called for a light drink, then retired toward the cigar stand.

He had not long to wait. Reginald Darnley fulfilled his engagement promptly. The two held a whispered conversation of several seconds, and then went out.

"Two rascals, if such ever lived!" exclaimed the lawyer, nodding his head after them as he followed close upon their heels.

"Somethin' up," whispered one of the loiterers near the bar; for Crewly's significant movements had been noticed.

"Detective," said Oscar, briefly, and a wise look settled on his face, as he smoothed his fierce moustache.

It was a cloudy night, and through the uncertain gloom Christopher Crewly pursued the shadowy figures.

Along E street, up Ninth, down H—suddenly, they vanished. But a pair of sharp eyes marked the house where they entered, and the lawyer, with an exclamation of satisfaction, retraced his steps in the direction of the office of the W. O. Telegraph Company.

"I wish I had written it myself," Cecilia said thoughtfully, as she and Orle sat alone in the upper story of the weird house.

"It will not matter," returned the beauty.

"It is sufficient for them to know that you are safe—and the note will, undoubtedly, fix that."

"Oh, no; for, if I had, they would follow us without delay. And in such a case, I might not have time to prove what I desire."

"When will you prove what you promised?—when can I return to my home?"

Lacy Bernard and Henry Waldron had

bid the lawyer "God speed," when the latter informed them of the clew he possessed, and then resigned themselves to patience.

Both had faith in Crewly, and Crewly was confident.

Mrs. Bernard ceased to weep, and joined her hopes with theirs, for the safe return of Cecilia.

It was near noon of the day upon which Christopher Crewly started on the trail, when a note addressed to Lacy Bernard, was delivered at the house.

The photograph in which it was directed, was an unfamiliar one, and the anxious father hastened to peruse its contents.

Waldron—who had remained at his friend's house since the evening of Cecilia's mysterious disappearance—drew near, eagerly expecting some tidings of his loved one.

The lines ran as follows:

"LACY BERNARD—At your daughter's request, I write to inform you of her safety. Strange events have called her suddenly from you, but the emergencies, though severe, portend for her no danger. She will return to her home shortly, and relieve your mind of that painful anxiety which must be incident to her unexplained absence. Again let me assure you of her safety and health. A FRIEND."

A deep silence reigned in the room after reading the letter, and lower and father gazed inquiringly at each other.

"But where can she be?" fell, half involuntarily, from Waldron's lips.

"God only can tell us!" replied Bernard, dejectedly. "Oh, what is this feeling that fastens upon me, and tells me that she is in danger; for I can not believe this note; I can not believe that she is safe. This is not sufficient to relieve the torn heart of a parent. It does not tell us where she is—only assures us of her safety; leaves us in doubt as to its truth. If free as well as safe, why did not she pen the lines? I believe I wish I could wish it had not come at all. It worries me more than ever."

"Let us accept it as a good omen," began the young man, perceiving that his friend was rapidly sinking to utter despair. But the old gentleman interrupted him with—

"No, sir; it is otherwise. I believe its sole purpose is to deceive us, and stay our pursuit. Don't you see?—they who have her in their power, would deceive us to thinking she will return, and thus gain a greater advantage by our inaction."

"What are we to do, then?" Waldron regretted his speech as soon as uttered, for he saw that it augmented the other's suffering.

"I know not! I know not!" groaned Bernard, dashing his hands to his brow, and bowing his grief-weighted head. "It would seem that fate mocks us. We are helpless. She must suffer while we wait."

"And it may not be for long?" Waldron said, encouragingly. "We have an active agent at work. I know Mr. Crewly; he is as shrewd as any detective that ever lived. Our case could not be in better hands."

"Have faith in God!" chimed in a mild voice behind them.

Mrs. Bernard had joined them unmobbed, and the sentence she uttered was, truly, the whisper of a comforter.

She had mastered the weakness of despair, and now set them the bright example of hope.

When they showed her the letter, she shook her head sadly.

"Build nothing on that," she said; "it is a false beacon. Our only strength is in resignation."

Wearily the day dragged on; and as dreary was the night to those who mourned the absence of a loved one.

Another day came, but with it, no new light to break the shade of melancholy.

Lacy Bernard paced the parlor throughout the whole morning, seeming to have given way completely to his woe. Even Waldron found it difficult to quiet his strung nerves and harassed mind, and continue his speeches of encouragement and condolence.

Thursday evening set in; slowly the hours marched on.

"We don't hear from Crewly!" moaned Bernard, despondingly, as he and the young man sat alone in the dimly-lighted parlor.

"I have not yet despaired, Mr. Bernard, wait a little longer."

"A little longer! A little longer!" repeated the old gentleman in tremulous accents. "How much longer? Days are passing. This suspense is eating at my life! I shall sink under it. I cannot bear up."

A ring at the door-bell broke in upon his sentence, and he paused.

Both started. There was something in the sudden sound which caused them an unspeakable thrill.

"Like statues they sat, holding their breaths, they listened."

Henry Waldron bounded forward and snatched the missive from the servant's hand, with trembling fingers he tore open the envelope.

In another second, he uttered a glad cry. "Found! Come on! Washington! Meet you at Willard's."

So read the dispatch, and two hearts throbbed in unison.

"Thank God!" ascended simultaneously from those who had received the glad intelligence.

CHAPTER XVII.

"Fancy from comfort wanders still stray."

"Hell hath no greater torments for the accused, than this man's presence gives."

In a secluded section—near the canal—Gerard Henriq had secured a house for his party, upon their arrival in Washington.

Cecilia Bernard accompanied them, though her heart was not altogether freed of a feeling of distrust. But, something in the manner of Orle Deice had persuaded her to the course—something subtle, beyond the mere solicitation of the beauty that she might be allowed to prove Reginald's inconstancy.

Orle had joined them a day later. The note with assurance of Cecilia's safety had been dispatched, she said, and the young girl's mind was made easier on that point.

"I wish I had written it myself," Cecilia said thoughtfully, as she and Orle sat alone in the upper story of the weird house.

"It will not matter," returned the beauty.

"It is sufficient for them to know that you are safe—and the note will, undoubtedly, fix that."

"Oh, no; for, if I had, they would follow us without delay. And in such a case, I might not have time to prove what I desire."

"When will you prove what you promised?—when can I return to my home?"

"Both, very shortly. But, come—you are not so very uncomfortable with us?"

"No. I feel that you strive to make it cheerful for me. Yet—"

"What is it?"

"That fiend woman," whispered Cecilia, glancing about her with a shudder; "I fear her. She is ugly and fierce, and I know, wishes me no good. I see but little of her; though, when she does come near me, her eyes gleam wickedly."

"She will offer you no harm," said Orle, compressing her ripe lips. "I have arranged matters so that she will not dare to offer you an injury. And even if she did offer to molest you, I have given you that with which to defend yourself."

"But, why should she wish me ill, at all? I never wronged her."

"It is the keeping of a terrible oath—a vow to exterminate all who are named Darnley, and who know a favor at the hands of a Darnley. It was a pledge given at the side of a death-bed."

A cold shiver crept over Cecilia.

"This terrible vow would have been carried out long ago," continued Orle, "had it not been for a talisman given me by the dying woman—"

"It was a woman?"

"Yes."

"Who?"

Orle Deice hesitated for a second; then, lowering her voice, she answered:

"Reginald Darnley's own mother!"

Cecilia was struck dumb.

"Yes, his own mother. Were you living in Richmond at the time—but, no; you were hardly born when Mervin Darnley and his Creole wife separated. Did you ever hear your father or mother speak of that separation?"

"I—I think I have."

"This 'fiend woman,' as you call her, is the mother of Mervin Darnley's former wife, so, you may judge what that wife was, coming of such blood. At the time when the Creole married Mervin Darnley, her mother, this woman—Margaret Semper by name, was a hired woman, in a rich widow's family, in New Orleans, though, of course, she was kept from Mervin Darnley. She made herself so valuable, that the widow, in her will, bequeathed an immense sum of money to her—Margaret Semper, to get the money sooner, poisoned this widow! Going from New Orleans to Richmond, she there met the discarded wife, and having once stricken out a life, her heartless bosom was steeled for anything; she immediately urged the wreaking of a terrible vengeance, and her daughter, having in her much of the mother's devilish spirit, consented to the terrible plot I've mentioned."

"Go on," urged Cecilia, whisperingly, completely rapt in the strange detail.

"Tell me more. How did you learn all this? You said something of a talisman?"

"Tell me who you are?"

"Tell you who I am?" repeated the beauty, in tones that were slow and sad, while her head, with its rich mass of jetty hair, drooped forward on her bosom.

"Yes, tell me this, for I—"

"Hush!" interrupted Orle. "Some one is coming."

Nemil entered the room.

"The cab is at the door," he said, in his brief, guttural voice.

"But, I told you to order a barouche—"

"'Tis the same," he broke in, with a snap. "What you want is here, and he turned abruptly away."

"No more just now," Orle said, to her companion. "I'll answer those questions when I come back. I'm going out for a moment, and I'll have you go with me, only I think it undesirable that you should be seen on the streets. Strive to be content with your brief imprisonment, and all will soon be well."

Reginald Darnley had engaged rooms on H street, near—; or, rather, Gerard Henriq had secured them for him.

Already had remorse begun its tortures. He bitterly repented his rash course—repented as it is only possible to repent when too late; and more than once, in the privacy of his apartments, had he cursed the fate which led Gerard Henriq across his path.

Bending under the dreadful weight of a murderer's conscience, he could not sleep at night; the day was void of pleasure; his once handsome face had grown pale and haggard, until, in the altered features, there was scarce a vestige of his former self.

It was on the morning after Reginald's arrival in Washington when Gerard Henriq paid a call.

"All Mr. Darnley, how do you do, today? I have news for you—"

"News, Gerard Henriq? No—there's nothing to interest me, that I know of. I care very little for what transpires about me."

"Tut! Tut! Come, you must be more cheerful. Why, you are wasting yourself away in idle broodings. You must wake up and take an interest in every thing you see. Be alive. Be cheerful, I say."

"Cheerful," in a bitter tone—"you mock me. Would that I could be! Do you realize what I am?—a murderer! Heavens! what an accursed existence! But, you have news—what is it?"

The old villain drew from his pocket a copy of the *National Republic*, and, indicating an item in the *Telegraph News*, read aloud:

"RICHMOND, June 1, 1871.—Much excitement has been created in this city, by the sudden death of a Mr. Darnley, well known as one of our wealthy, retired manufacturers. The circumstances in connection with his decease are mysterious and suspicious; but, a post mortem examination has revealed nothing, and the verdict of the jury is one of doubt—"

"There! There!" cried the young man; "read no more. Spare me. At every turn, the horror of my crime is blazoned before me—every hour brings something to confront me with the heinousness of my guilt!—the very airs whisper of retribution in stone! And you, Gerard Henriq—wily, cunning serpent that you are—why do you join in the host of burning reminders that make me so miserably wretched? Why have you made me what I am?—for it *sees* you. He concluded this speech with a searching warmth, as if he had just begun to question the cause of Henriq's interest in him and his actions.

"Cease, cease, Mr. Darnley; all I have done or urged was for your sole benefit."

"How much am I benefited by following your Salanic advice?" sarcastically.

"A hundred shots, and or so—perhaps more," was the significant response.

"You must have had some subtle purpose to serve, in driving me to this," Reginald said, bending a thoughtful gaze upon the other's face.

"How could I accrue any thing?" this with a deprecative motion of the hands, and a solemn gravity of countenance; and he pursued:

"I met you, a stranger—you were beggared and hopeless. Through me, your fortunes have changed. You will gain possession of a goodly sum by the death of your father. If, but for me, would you have thought

get as far as that," said the sheriff, dryly. "Well, settle his hash here."

"So much the better, colonel," said the sheriff, "I should like to see him dangling at the end of a short rope. He little thinks how that ugly mug of his has betrayed him."

"We shall kill two birds with one stone up here if I don't mistake," remarked Hays, presently. "There's a band of Seminoles, who've left their reservation, and come down poaching on the Comanche hunting-grounds. If we find them, I've got orders to 'jump' their ranch, if they won't go back peacefully."

"The half-breed looked puzzled."

"Jump the ranch? I don't understand you, colonel."

"Kill 'em all, except those that beg," exclaimed the sheriff, "and made no further remarks."

The band of Regulators continued their march at a walk for about half an hour, when they halted for five minutes.

On resuming the march, they galloped for several miles, and continued their course during the day with such great rapidity that by sunset they were within ten miles of the Cross Timbers, where they went into camp by the borders of the same stream that washed the side of Magoffin's claim.

CHAPTER XVII.

A BOLD STROKE.

WHEN Tiger Tail was so suddenly threatened in the midst of his own camp, for a moment he thought of resistance. But, before he could utter a single cry, the iron hand of the overseer was shifted to his throat, compressing it like a vice. Strother's blood was up, and he squeezed the throat of Tiger Tail till the Indian's eyes were starting from his head, while Wash Carroll uttered the most fiendish threats in his ear, enforced by pressing the muzzle of the pistol into the Seminoles' temples.

Agreeably to preconcerted plan, the colonel and Edward Thornley pushed their horses forward, to screen the scene from the sight of the warriors in the other lodges, while they threatened the squaws with cocked revolvers, to keep them from screaming for help.

The whole thing passed so quickly, that Tiger Tail saw himself surrounded by threatening foes, and felt himself choking, before he could realize that there was danger coming.

When he felt the mastering gripe, and read the pitiless sternness of the faces round him, the Indian chief covered. "Accessible to fear as he was, he gave up completely to the imminent death that looked out from the glaring eyes of Wash Carroll. The hunter saw his face assume the expression he was looking for so eagerly, that of abject terror."

"Let go," he said, quickly, and the obedient overseer in a moment relaxed his grip.

"Now, look here," said Wash, fiercely, but in a low tone, "you give us that 'ar boy and yer saddle. Lie to us, and by—here he hissed forth an oath of horrible profanity in his rage. 'I'll bore a hole right through yer. What in he?'"

Tiger Tail was pale as his dark skin would allow. The brutal insolence of his smile was gone, as he said, in a low voice, that trembled in spite of himself:

"Behind. In lodge."

Wash looked round to see if the warriors suspected any thing yet. Several pairs of eyes were turned their way, and any moment might bring a general rush.

"Now, look here," said the hunter, in a low, savage tone, "you keep a still tongue in your head, and if yer warriors come pokin' round here, order 'em back. Keep yer wimmin criekin' quiet, too. Neighbor, ef he utters a screak, plug him, and then put like all creation."

The last words were uttered to Strother, who gave a grim smile, and renewed his grasp on the Indian's shoulder, while he drew and cocked his revolver with the other hand. He had dropped his rifle when he first seized the Seminoles.

Wash Carroll dove into the lodge door, and found, as the chief had said, Eugene Dupre, bound hand and foot, with a gag in his mouth.

The hunter eagerly cut the young man's bonds, and raised him to his feet, but Eugene was so stiff he could hardly stand. Carroll supported him outside, and found him to be unharmed, except from the pressure of his bonds. The colonel would have jumped down to welcome the returned one, but for the hunter's warning.

"Don't ye stir, cunnel. We aren't through this mess yet. Keep yer eyes skinned, I tell yer, for ye'll need 'em presently. Now we was a pack o' durnation fools that we didn't bring a hoss for Mister Doopray, hyar. Never mind. You stay hyar."

The reckless hunter left the lodge, and walked boldly up to a handsome-spotted stallion whose jaguar-skin trappings announced him to be the chief. The animal stood by a lodge close by, hitched to a spear, which was driven into the ground.

Without any hesitation Wash plucked up the spear, and led the animal up to Eugene.

"Hyar, young feller," he said, "turn about's fair play. Git 'outside o' that critter's back. The chief won't mind it. Hyar, I'll give ye a leg."

And he helped Eugene to leap on the back of the Indian charger, without stirrup or bit as it was, a light rein of plaited horse-hair encircling its under jaw. Tiger Tail never said a word, but the gleam of his eye was devilish.

Now that he began to feel out of danger, comparatively, his desire for revenge was overmastering his fear.

Wash Carroll noticed his looks, and apprehended trouble. He came up close to Tiger Tail, and pointed the pistol once more at his head.

"You'll come with us, chief," he said, quietly, but with a wicked glitter in his eye. "Tiger Tail, safe to trust yer loose till we're outer gunshot."

Tiger Tail made no answer, except a sullen, vindictive glare, but he covered, nevertheless, a savage dog who has been choked night to death, the fight was taken out of the Seminoles, under Wash Carroll's eye.

"Hyar, neighbor," said the hunter to Strother, "you are as strong as a hull buffalo. Git on yer critter, and carry this cuss off as a hostage. Tie do the rest."

Strother uttered a grim laugh, and turned away to mount his horse, a huge, heavy, powerful beast, of Pennsylvania breed.

He stooped down from his saddle, and lifted the young chief to the pommel, as if he had been a child; while Wash Carroll leaped on his own animal, and rode round in face of the whole camp.

The Seminoles had become suspicious that something was going on, and had begun to crowd towards that part of the camp, with their weapons in their hands, and lowering faces.

To them suddenly appeared the whole party, wheeling round with cocked rifles, while Wash Carroll called out in the Comanche language, which the Seminoles all understood more or less of:

"If a warrior fires a shot, we kill Tiger Tail. Drop your arms!"

"Then, in English, he shouted: 'Forward, cunnel! Give 'em blazes ef they fire a shot!'"

The whole party broke into a gallop, and passed through the camp at speed. Strother galloped ahead, with a cocked pistol held close to the Seminoles' heads; and the Indians, as if stupefied, allowed them to pass unchallenged, till they were a hundred yards out of the camp, in the open prairie.

Then Strother threw the chief to the ground, without any further ceremony, and the whole party put spurs to their horses and mules, for the most of the negroes were only mounted on the colonel's draft mules, and tore away down the prairie at their best speed, leaving Tiger Tail sprawling.

The chief struggled to his feet as soon as they had passed, and ran toward the camp, yelling, in Seminoles:

"Shoot! Shoot! Kill them, warriors!"

The Seminoles warriors came running from their camp, with a loud yell, and poured a scattering volley in the air after the colonel's party, but the latter were already at least four hundred yards off, and scattering as they went.

At four hundred yards it takes experienced shots to make good practice, and the Indians are utterly unused to estimating ranges.

The consequence was, that their fire was wholly ineffectual, only eliciting a shout of derision, from whites and negroes alike.

Wash Carroll, alone, pulled up his horse, and sprang to the ground to take a flying shot. He drew a bead on the person of Tiger Tail, as the chief fled toward his camp, and had the satisfaction of seeing the Indian halt and stumble forward, as if he was hit.

The next minute Wash saw the whole of the band rush to their horses, and regained his own.

"Don't run, cunnel," he said, coolly, as he rode up beside Magoffin, whose party had drawn up to a walk. "We kin hold them cusses ever so long in the plain, hyar, and not hurry ourselves."

But the Indians, contrary to his expectation, did not come out after them in any great force. There was a tremendous rushing about and yelling in the camp; and all the braves were soon mounted, and dashing out on the prairie, but only some fifty of them followed the emigrant party, and these maintained a respectful distance from the long-range rifles, contenting themselves with an occasional change of shots, and slowly following at a foot-pace, on the way to Magoffin's claim.

Meanwhile, Louis Lebar had been waiting behind the screen of timber, in keen anxiety, the result of the colonel's visit.

He commanded a view of the Seminoles' chief's hut, and ground his teeth with vexation, when he saw the success of Wash Carroll's bold plan.

He would have rushed out and warned the Indians, but for two things. First, Tiger Tail, his only friend, would be sure to be shot in the operation. Second, and most important, he himself would most probably also be marked down, by the unerring aim of his suspicious partner, Wash Carroll.

He sat on his horse, muttering maledictions on the hunter's head, but not daring to stir, till the confusion of the rush came, when he galloped headlong into the camp.

He was just in time to stop Tiger Tail, who, wild for revenge, and bleeding from a slight flesh wound in the leg, was for rushing on at Magoffin's track at once. Lebar stopped him with a word.

"Fool!" he cried, "have you forgotten the white squaw I promised you? Now is your time. We can reach the white man's camp in half the time they could at full gallop; and carry off the squaws before they get there. See, now! Send out fifty men under Ravingswing, to follow that party; harass them, and exchange shots, so as to delay them. The rest of us will go back by the secret path, and reach the camp before any one can intercept us, carry off the girls, and run off the stock of captured mustangs from the corral. There is no time to lose. Let us fly."

Tiger Tail's eyes gleamed with devilish glee, as he took in the full import of the proposition.

"Good!" he grunted; "the Black Mustang's words are like rain in the drought. There is no time to be lost."

He mounted a spare horse, and dashed about among the braves of his band, giving the necessary orders.

Ravingswing, the second chief, went off after Magoffin, with instructions to press and delay the colonel all he could.

The lodges were hurriedly struck by the squaws, who began to move camp at once, to a remote stronghold of theirs, in the heart of the Cross Timbers. Tiger Tail himself, and a hundred of his best warriors, galloped off by the secret path through the Timbers, as hard as they could go, following the lead of Louis Lebar, whose black eyes gleamed with wolfish glee, as he saw himself ready at last to swoop down on the sheepfold, where dwelt the ewe-lamb he coveted.

Away went the Black Mustang and his wicked crew, wild for revenge, plunder, and lust, all three combined. But foremost of all was the Black Mustang, on his sable stallion, outstripping all near him in speed. As he felt the noble beast bounding beneath him, Louis Lebar realized that chance had guided him to a swift deed, and the consummation of his desires, better than he could have done himself.

The sun was just setting, and Magoffin was still about four miles from his camp. The pursuing Indians had grown very troublesome, riding up close, and firing incessantly, but always fleeing from a direct attack.

The progress of the party had been very slow, in consequence, and the colonel began to look very grave, as he thought of the distance yet to be traveled.

Suddenly he heard, far away, in the direction of his own camp, the sounds of firing, growing quite brisk, as it swelled up into a volley, and then dying away. Magoffin turned pale.

"My God! Wash!" he cried; "they must have attacked the girls! What shall we do? If we run, these fellows will be on us in a minute, and we shall do no good."

Wash listened intently to the firing, before he said:

"See hyar, cunnel. They done one job up brown to-day. Let me do another. Me and my kumrad here is well mounted. We kin distance any Injun on the plains. These hyar mules is kussid slow, but you don't want fast work here. Me and Ed, we'll git like all creation, and you keep them cusses from followin'. Come, Ed."

He waited for no more.

The two Mustangs, bending over their horses' necks, shot away over the prairie toward the unharmed block-house, whence the sound of shots now rose up again, faster than ever.

CHAPTER XVIII.

WE must return to Magoffin's claim to see what had been going on in the mean time, and how the cousins had fared in the absence of their defenders.

Tennie Magoffin, who might naturally have been thought the more timid of the two, from the morning's scene, had seemed to alter her character completely, as soon as she found the great and irremediable misfortune that had overtaken her lover. Perhaps, for the first time, now that he was lost, and perhaps dead, she realized that Eugene Dupre was more to her than a cousin. His poor sister, Louisiana, seemed to be utterly overcome, and sat in a stupor of stuper, occasionally murmuring Eugene's name, but unable to do any thing but weep.

Tennie, on the other hand, as soon as her father had left the camp, assumed the command, with a firmness and dignity that surprised every one. Before the colonel departed, he gave strict injunctions to all present to keep close to the block-house, and obey Miss Tennie as himself. Merry, light-hearted Tennie, in this emergency, proved herself as brave as her father.

She superintended the removal of all the household goods within the walls of the block-house; and ordered the wagons and the horses to be drawn up to the entrance. The women and children were all brought inside the inclosure, the few animals being penned in between the steep banks of the river on one side, and the wagons and block-house on the other. The little space that remained open was closed with a fence of ropes and sticks, hastily constructed, that served to keep in the animals only while they did not press against it, but was powerless against a stampede.

Tennie had just four men, armed with muskets, to depend on, in case of an assault, but the walls of the block-house were a complete protection against bullets. The absence of loopholes to shoot from was a serious objection, but Tennie never thought of that. There was a platform near the top of the wall for the men to look over; but their heads and shoulders would be uncovered in firing.

The colonel had had no anticipation of an assault while he was away, but his daughter was wiser, or more apprehensive. No sooner had he gone than she commenced her preparations for defense, not sorry, perhaps, for the occupation which served to distract her thoughts from her own troubles. As the work progressed, and every thing was made snug, Tennie's spirits rose, almost involuntarily, and she found herself thinking hopefully of Eugene's return, and consoling his poor sister.

While in the act of cheering her, Louisiana suddenly started up and listened intently to something distant.

"Hush!" she said; "I hear something."

Tennie listened, but heard nothing.

Her cousin hurried into the open prairie, and led the way to a knoll that overlooked the river, toward which the afternoon breeze brought down the sound of distant shots, irregular and dropping.

"They are fighting," whispered Louis. "Oh! Holy Mother of Heaven, protect poor Eugene! He is all I have left now."

Tennie listened anxiously. There was no mistaking the sound. The sharp crack of rifles, and the heavier reports of muskets, echoing backward and forward, as they alternated from the open prairie to the sides of scattered mottes, announced that some sort of a fight was going on.

The firing came from the direction of the dark, distant line of the Cross Timbers, but nothing was visible yet.

Tennie and her cousin listened for several minutes, during which the sounds grew sensibly plainer and nearer.

"They are coming in," said Tennie, anxiously. "Heaven grant that Eugene is with them! My father said, that he would, not return without him."

"They are being driven in," said Louis, sadly. "Perhaps they may be overpowered before they get here. If not, how thankful we ought to be for that block-house, so nearly finished."

Tennie made no answer. She was listening to the firing, which had just died away.

"They've driven them off," she said, triumphantly. "The firing has almost stopped. They must have found Eugene, and are bringing him home, and the savages are trying."

She was interrupted by a violent pull of the arm from her cousin. She looked round in surprise, and saw the cause of the pull in a moment.

Louis Dupre, pale as marble, and with dilated eyes, pointed out over the prairie in their rear.

Not a quarter of a mile off, and coming down, full gallop, for the block-house, was a perfect cloud of Indians, with gleaming lances, headed by Tiger Tail, as they could plainly see from the jaguar-skin robe he wore. But in front even of Tiger Tail, and mounted on a black mustang, was a short, sturdy figure, with a face as dark as a mulatto, and a bushy black beard, dressed as a Mexican Mustang, and heavily armed.

This was the figure that appeared to excite Louisiana Dupre's greatest terror. She pointed to him with shaking finger, faintly murmuring:

"Tis he, Miquel, Oscar's murderer! Eugene is dead. Let me die too, now."

And she would have sunk powerless to the earth in her palsy of terror, but for the supporting arm of her cousin, who, now that real danger was about, acted with all the cool courage of her race.

"Keep up, Louis," she said, sternly; "don't be a fool. We must get to the block-house before they can catch us. Father says they're all cowards, these prairie Indians."

She started on a run for the block-house, half dragging Louisiana with her. As they ran along for the shelter, the Indians, for the first time, raised a yell, which was answered by a dismal screaming from the negro women and children inside the block-house. But the girls were too quick for the Indians. Before the latter could get within a hundred yards of the place, Tennie was

inside, and the four men left in charge were on the top of the platform.

Now Tennessee Magoffin, and her cousin, too, at last rose equal to the emergency. For the first time Louis shook off her low spirits, and assisted Tennie to the best of her ability. The Creole girl hushed and encouraged the frightened women and children, while her cousin bounded up to the platform, and animated the men by voice and example.

As the whole body of Indians came rushing tumultuously on, the sudden reports of four muskets, from the top of the wall of the block-house, was followed by that of a rifle in the hands of Tennie herself, and the whole mass of assailants wavered, halted, and fell back, with several wounded men among them.

Tennie felt immensely relieved at the result, and encouraged her defenders the best she knew how.

"Father said, they were cowards, boys," she said. "And we see they are. Load up and give it to them."

And she proceeded to charge the light rifle, which she had learned to use very creditably, like many Western girls. She thought that she had driven them back.

But while it was a fact that the Indians, anticipating no resistance at all, were greatly staggered and dismayed at the sudden volley, still, they were by no means ready to give up the fight. They had lost too heavily, for one thing; and another, Tiger Tail had caught sight of Tennie's golden curls on the top of the wall, and was wild to possess her.

As for Lebar, or Miquel, as he should now be called, he was wild with rage at the repulse, although he himself had galloped back among the first. He was rushing about now, cursing and swearing at the Indians, to induce them to make a second attack, but by no means offering to head it.

Tiger Tail ordered his men to spread out in a line, and attack the block-house, by firing at it. The whistling of the bullets soon became so close around the ears of the defenders of the block-house, that they were compelled to dodge down behind the shelter of the parapet, and could not fire steadily for fear of being shot themselves.

Tennie Magoffin saw this, and realized that the position was growing dangerous. Every time she put up her head to look, the Indian line was getting closer to them, and extending further round, so as to surround the wagons and command what could be seen of the narrow doorway, under the wheels of the vehicles. The quick-witted girl jumped down from her place, and ran to Louis.

"Can you shoot, coz?" she asked, anxiously.

"A little," said Louisiana Dupre, rising from where she knelt, trying to comfort a shrieking child. "I will do all I can, Tennie."

"We have plenty of muskets and pistols, but no one to use them," said Tennie. "We must do something, or we'll never hold out till father comes back. Here, Aunt Hannah, Nancy, Vanny, you must help us shoot, or we shall all be murdered."

"Oh! De Laws, Miss Tennie!" cried Aunt Hannah, agitated. "I do 'no nuffin 'bout püssols and gusses. Neber touch one in my life."

"You must now," said Tennie, decidedly; "or we shall all be killed and scalped in five minutes. Come, you three, I'll show you what to do, and you must do it!"

Her firm, decisive tone prevented remonstrance, and the three women she addressed, great strapping washerwomen as they were, followed the slight figure of the young girl in perfect submission to her will.

Tennie ran to the stores in the centre, and hurriedly selected three muskets, with the belts, with which she armed the three women. A hall in the firing outside enabled her to make her arrangements in safety, and give some hurried instruction to the ignorant women, about the way to load and fire, with caution not to fire carelessly.

Then she led the way to the empty wagons, which stood outside the entrance, and posted the three women in the first of them, where they were sheltered from the fire of the Indians, with orders to shoot any one who came near the place, and then to reload.

It was just in time that she took the precaution. Peeping through a corner rent in the wagon-tilt, she perceived the cause of the lull in the firing. The Indians had been creeping round on that side, and were quite close to them.

Tennie leveled her light rifle, and shot one man, just as he was rising to his feet, snatching Aunt Hannah's musket, she poked it through the rent, and fired at five or six men in a huddled group, who had risen up, and were hesitating as to advance or retreat. The second shot settled the matter. All that were left bolted for their horses.

Tennie fired a third shot after them, and went back in triumph to attend to her other duties. She found the men on the wall, cowed and despondent, from the almost impossibility of keeping covered, while returning the fire of the enemy.

Tennie crept along under the shadow of the parapet, doing her best to encourage them, by telling them how the sun was nearly setting, and that the colonel would soon be back with help. In fact, they could now hear the sound of the firing from his party, drawing near to every moment.

Tennie herself set them a good example. She suddenly stood up in an unexpected part of the rampart, and took a deliberate aim at one of the advancing, creeping Indians. Before the enemy caught sight of her clearly, she had fired, and dropped down behind the rampart to reload. She might not have been so quick, had she known how little danger there was. Tiger Tail had forbidden any one to fire at that golden head of hers.

But the next moment came a heavy misfortune. One of the negroes, wishing to imitate her, stood suddenly up and took aim in the like manner. His shot was successful, but before he could drop to reload, came a dozen answering cracks. The next moment the man threw up his arms with a loud shout of pain, and dropped back into the inclosure below, stone dead, shot through the heart.

The Indians gave a yell of triumph, and rose in a body, with a tremendous yell, firing as they ran, and running forward. The next moment, Tennie jumped up with her three remaining companions, and fired into the advancing crowd. With a second yell, every Indian dropped flat on his face, and the advance was stayed.

Tennie Magoffin uttered a sigh of relief when they fell, and began to reload her rifle. The sun was setting, and the firing of the colonel's party rapidly growing nearer. Suddenly Tennie felt her skirt pulled, and

turning round, saw her cousin Louisiana standing just below the platform.

Louise Dupre was very pale, but there was an expression of fixed resolve on her face for all that. She had a small silver-mounted revolver in a belt round her waist, and held a riding whip in her hand.

"Tennie," she said in a low voice, "I'm going to cross the river and seek for help."

"What!" echoed Tennie, incredulously; "You must be dreaming, Louise! They would shoot you before you could cross."

"They will not," said Louise, firmly. "Listen. I know the man at the head of yonder party. I saw him too plain to mistake him. It is Antonio Miquel, the Portuguese planter, who murdered Oscar Peyton. I am the prize he covets, ever since I spurned him and his love alike. I feel sure that he has murdered Eugene also, and joined these Indians. They will not fire at me."

"But, they will chase you, Louise," said her cousin. "Oh, suppose that wretch catches you! What could you do?"

"He will not catch me," said Louise, quietly. "My mare is swift, or Mr. Thornley would not have brought it to me. And if so be that they should come up to me, and he should attempt to seize me, I will keep the last bullet from this pistol for my own heart, if I fail to kill him with the rest."

"But, I don't understand, Louise, where you are going," said her cousin, doubtfully; "What good can you do by going out alone? There is no help nearer than father, and you can not reach him."

"I can draw away those creatures after me," said Louisiana, firmly; "and relieve you of a great peril. More I will not tell you, for you would not believe me; but I know that there is help beyond that river, and I am going to seek it."

As she spoke, her pale face glowed with a light, as if of inspiration.

"I shall bring help, coz," she said; and sprang away to the horses, that fed between the block-house and the river.

The sun had just gone down.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 91.)

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Her kindness is true-hearted;
Her gentleness is not of earth—
Her faces were imported.
Before her feet my homage sweet
Is very gladly yielded;
Her ear is open to my praise—
Her father's will is sealed yet.
Her beauty rare 's beyond compare,
And worship does not spoil it;
And I adore her quite as much
As she adores her toilet.

Almost Wrecked.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

GRACE, you're just as pretty as a picture! Did you know that? But, of course, all girls know when they are handsome, and dress accordingly, to entangle us poor masculines."

A little, bird-like laugh answered the half-dolorous remark.

"Really, Hughie, one would think there were enough girls around for you to compliment, without wasting your sweetness on your sister."

Gracie De Vigne looked roguishly up at her scamp of a brother, who was watching her as she adjusted a dainty little hat, trimmed with a scarlet cring.

"By Jove, Gracie," he said, ignoring entirely her remark, "I don't wonder all the fellows in general, and Harte Morningsley, in particular, are brain-turned about you."

A little blush, half-pleasure, half-vestition, deepened on her cheeks.

"For shame, Hugh! As if Mr. Morningsley hadn't forgotten all about me, long ago."

And, strive as she would, she couldn't keep the saddened expression from her eyes that always would creep in them, whenever she mentioned that name.

"That's nonsense," retorted Hugh, bluntly, "and I can prove it; for I saw Morningsley not an hour ago, and he's coming directly up to the hotel to pay his respects."

"Saw him?" She couldn't help repeating those words, in the gladness of her heart. Then she would see him again, when she had almost made up her mind that they two never would meet again.

"Yes, little Grace, and he inquired most earnestly after you; asked if you had married while he has been to Europe, and altogether made it very potent that he was as much in love—"

"There, Hughie, that will do. Indeed, I can't let you talk so about Mr. Morningsley."

And Hugh saw, despite her firm, gentle words, the tumult of great joy throbbing and bounding in her heart; and, like the clever fellow he was, he "dropped" the gentleman completely.

That evening, when the guests in the brilliantly-lighted parlor of the Sea-side House were clustered about at the piano, card-tables, and on the piazzas, Gracie De Vigne was strolling down the moonlighted sands, leaning on Harte Morningsley's arm, and listening to the music of his voice, that was all the world to her.

Later, when she came up to the hotel again, and passed Hugh, as he sat smoking in a shadowy corner, that astute young man instantly made up his mind that the two were engaged; and he was not wrong.

"Gracie," and Hugh De Vigne spoke the name in an accent he seldom used.

She looked quickly up from her book.

"What is it, Hugh? Not bad news from home?"

"No, not from home!"

"Then from where—from where? Oh, Hugh, not from Harte?"

Her tones raised to a sharp inquiry.

"Sister Grace—there is bad news from Harte. There—he's alive, and well," he added, quickly, seeing the spasm of pain and fright cross her face. "He's alive, and well; but, Gracie, there are more troubles than sickness and death. Can you bear it? Will you believe it, that your betrothed is a married man?"

He spoke very tenderly, and yet promptly; and Gracie's gray eyes filled with a horrified, incredulous expression.

"No!" she said, after that one moment of exquisite pain. "I will not believe it! Hugh, who told you the shameful slander?"

A sad smile was on his lips, as he answered, gravely:

"There is no slander, poor child. I, myself, have seen his wife and child. They are occupying the Hilleliff Cottage now, to which Harte has brought them."

"No, Hugh, don't tell me it is true. Go, bring Harte here, right away, and let him deny it. Where is he?"

"That's it, Gracie. Where is he? He has been obliged to bring his family here, at his wife's just request, and then he dared not stay to face you, my darling, injured sister."

Gracie was crying, now, a gust of tears—real womanly tears they were, too.

"Hugh," she said suddenly; "I am going to see if this is true. Will you go with me?"

"If you wish; but I would rather you would not."

"But I will. If it is true—oh, Hughie, my heart will break!"

A tiny, cozy cottage, fronted by a tree-studded lawn, that ran down to the edge of the river—a noisy, brawling, rock-bedded stream.

That was the house, and Hugh pointed to a fair-faced woman who was promenade the lawn, and laughingly chiding a bright little fellow of three years, who played around her.

"She's pretty," whispered Gracie, in pitiful accents, to Hugh, as they walked slowly up the river path.

He pressed her hand in mute sympathy, and then Gracie said:

"I wish you'd wait here, and let me go on and ask her. I must, Hughie."

She broke away from his half-detaining hand, and walked rapidly up to the lady.

Gracie saw, with increasing anguish of spirit, how very lonely she was, and how sweet was the half-distant, half-friendly smile of welcome she gave her.

"I beg your pardon—but, will you please tell me if you are—Mrs. Morningsley?"

She gulped down the lump in her throat. The lady bowed and smiled.

"I am Mrs. Morningsley. Won't you walk up to the house, and rest?"

"No—thank you. I only came to learn if you really were Mrs. Morningsley—Mrs. Harte Morningsley?"

"I am happy to say I am Mrs. Harte Morningsley."

"And that is your child?"

How calm—how dumb she felt now.

"Our only boy; little Harte, after his papa—"

A shrill scream interrupted the sentence, and Mrs. Morningsley ran wildly down to the river's edge.

There was the boy, struggling and screaming in the water, and floating away—away!

Her mother's love and terror gave vent to piercing screams, as she wrung her hands, and shrieked wildly for help.

And there stood Gracie, seeing and comprehending it all.

Harte Morningsley's child was drowning—the son of the man who had deceived her; the child of his love, and another, when he had sworn his fealty to her!

Should she let him die—that innocent, sinless little child, whose tiny hands were raised in frantic entreaty?

She shuddered at the horrible temptation, and, rushing recklessly down to the water's edge, plunged madly in, struggling, falling, rising again, to save Harte Morningsley's son.

How cruel the waves were! how they separated her from that little form they washed so madly away! how weak, how giddy, she was!

And Harte's boy drowning before her eyes—her dim eyes!

She opened her eyes in a deliciously quiet, darkened room, whose white curtains waived in the cool air; she opened them, to see Hugh bending anxiously over her, and a gray-haired physician watching her fluttering eyelids.

"Don't say a word, Gracie, not a word! I know what you would ask, and I will tell you that you saved the little fellow, and I towed you both out, more dead than alive."

The tears flowed silently down her white cheeks; she had snatched his boy from death's very jaws. Well, life would be a dreary waste to her; but she was thankful the little fellow was alive.

An hour after Hugh came blustering in again.

"Gracie! Gracie! I've the greatest news! Can you listen? Good news never kills, you know; and it won't hurt you to hear it's all a confounded mistake, after all. Your Harte Morningsley's all right—that's that the wife of his cousin—another gentleman by the same name. Here's our Harte now; he'll fix it all up!"

And Hugh's eyes were suspiciously moist as he rushed out of the room.

They did "fix it all up," and Gracie was the happier woman for the temporary cloud that had overshadowed her.

red-skins a lesson, a fearful one, it is true, but, nevertheless, a necessary one.

Keen eyes were fastened upon the cut, and that through long-reaching glasses, but yet no sign of the ambushed savages.

With a steady hand the engineer held his lever, driving his iron horse headlong into the threatened danger—or seemingly so.

The train was now within five hundred yards of the cut. In another minute it would have entered the fatal trap, when, suddenly, the bell-chord was pulled, the whistle sounded "breaks," and, as the train rapidly checked headway, a little red flag shot up to the top of a staff that had been fastened upon the foremost car.

Hardly had the signal, for such it was, reached its place, when away in front, just over the "cut," a dense volume of white smoke shot upwards, a deafening crash followed, and then, save the sound of falling fragments of rock, a stillness fell upon the scene.

For full five minutes not a word was spoken on board the train. Men looked at each other in silence, each waiting for the other to speak.

Presently, the order was given to "go ahead." The train moved slowly onward. The "cut" was reached and entered, and slowly the engine crept round the curve.

A fearful sight met the gaze of those on board. I will not describe the disgusting details. Let it suffice to say that no more ambuscades were attempted on that part of the road.

The keg of powder had been placed securely among the rocks, and to it had been attached the small wire that we saw carried across the open to the timber. Here the battery had been attached, and, at the proper moment, the fatal flame leaped into the powder.

Recollections of the West.

How Old Grizzly Trapped his Bears.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

THE manifold dangers, as well as amusing incidents that befell Old Grizzly Adams, while in pursuit of his favorites, the bears, would fill a volume, and yet the half would remain untold.

Once upon the animals trail, he was never known to "fling up" until he had either captured, shot, or *holoed* the beast in some inaccessible cavern. Even there he would

not desist until he had exhausted every possible and impossible measure to bring bruin out, and he succeeded oftener than he failed.

On such occasions he would wall up the hole, inserting his traps so that the bear would be compelled to pass directly over it when coming out, as he would some time or other have to do, in search of food.

Of course the grizzlies gave the old hunter more trouble, and were far more dangerous, than all the others put together; but not these alone, for he often found the large brown bear a tough customer to deal with.

In his frequent tramps over a certain part of the *minimores*, Old Grizzly had more than once caught sight of a fine, large bear of this species, and, as the specimens he had were not so good as he desired, he forthwith began devising a plan for this bruin's capture.

His first step was to "feel" the animal—that is, he trailed him down one day, and with his dog Blinker as aid, pressed him to a corner in a cavern, and tested the question of the bear's savageness and inclination to "show fight."

Grizzly found his antagonist willing enough—in fact, too willing; for when, after satisfying himself, he attempted to withdraw, bruin changed the order of things and took the offensive himself.

The situation immediately became interesting. The bear-tamer could easily have disposed of the brute, by a rifle shot, but this was to be avoided at all hazards. The bear was an unusually fine one, hardly full-grown, and evidently "sound" in every particular.

Blinker, well-trained, held back at the word of command; and in good order the retreat was commenced.

The bear had by this time, from being so long worried, become furious with rage, and with open mouth, and glaring eyes, he hung close on the rear of the retreating forces.

Down the side of the mountain, and into a valley bruin followed, every now and then making a savage charge, from which it required all the hunter's activity to escape, and so on until the very camp was reached.

Whether it was that the bear's anger had cooled down, or whether his instincts told him it would be dangerous to invade the hunter's camp, is not known; but, certain it is, that, as soon as he caught sight of the narrow passway, into which Old Grizzly backed, hoping to lure his pursuer within,

he turned tail and scudded back to the mountain.

The bear-tamer immediately began preparations to capture the animal; and I may here remark, that it was the same beast that so many thousands of people have seen the hunter "operating" with in the circus ring and other shows with which he afterwards, traveled.

Old Grizzly's first object was to secure a proper bait for the trap he proposed setting for bruin, as the ordinary ones would not exactly answer his purpose.

By the third day he had secured a buffalo calf, and, dragging this to the vicinity of the bear's "tramp," he set to work constructing the trap.

This was a log-pen, some six feet long, by four square, strongly constructed, each log notched so as to receive the one that fitted on top.

This done, he felled a good-sized tree, near which the trap had been purposely built, cutting it so that it dropped directly across the top of the pen, lying lengthwise with it. The top branches, or *top*, as it is called, were then removed, and by a system of levers and props, the log was elevated at an angle of forty-five degrees. This done, the calf was put within the pen, the huge triggers placed in position under the "dead fall," one of them projecting inside the inclosure and resting on the bait, the props were removed, and all was in readiness for bruin's visit.

Two days and nights Old Grizzly watched closely, but no sign of the brown bear.

The third night he determined to spend near by the trap, feeling confident that his game would scent the bait which had begun to throw off a somewhat powerful odor.

The moon rose at ten o'clock, but still no indication of bruin's presence. Midnight came and went, and Old Grizzly, despairing of success that night, dropped off into a profound slumber.

He could not have slept long, when something, he knew not what, caused him to awaken, and glancing towards his trap he discovered the bear just in the act of mounting the logs to get inside.

In a moment the huge body disappeared; a quick, sharp crash was heard, the heavy triggers flew high in the air, and down came the heavy log, squarely in place, completely blocking all chance of egress for the bear.

Old Grizzly was instantly on hand, and, with half a dozen turns of his lariat, he secured the log beyond all possibility of moving, and then felt that his prize was secure. By a process of starvation he soon conquered bruin, and carried him in triumph to his stronghold.

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Short Stories from History.

Heroic Deeds.—We should never tire of reading of the heroic deeds of the past, since in them we have the noblest lessons for emulation. The following are chosen out of many given in the histories of other nations:

After the battle of Marston Moor, Cromwell, returning from the pursuit of a party of the royalists, proposed to stop at Ripley, the seat of Sir William Ingilby; and having an officer in his troop a relation of Sir William, he sent him to announce his arrival.

The officer was informed by the porter at the gate, that Sir William was absent, but that he might send any message he pleased to his lady. Having sent in his name, and obtained an audience, he was answered by the lady, that no such person should be admitted there; adding, she had force sufficient to defend herself and that house against all rebels. The officer, on his part, represented the extreme folly of making any resistance, and that the safest way would be to admit the General peaceably. After much persuasion, the lady took the advice of her kinsman, and received Cromwell at the gate of the lodge, with a pair of pistols stuck in her apron-strings; and, having told him, she expected that neither he nor his soldiers would behave improperly, led the way to the hall; where, sitting each on a sofa, these two extraordinary personages, equally jealous of each other's intentions, passed the whole night. At his departure in the morning, the lady observed, "It was well he had behaved in so peaceable a manner; for, that had it been otherwise, he would not have left that house with his life."

When M. de St. Belmont, who defended a feeble fortress against the arms of Louis XIV., was taken prisoner, his intrepid wife, Madame la Comtesse de St. Belmont, who was of a most heroic disposition, still remained upon the estates to take care of them. An officer of cavalry having taken up his quarters there without invitation, Madame de St. Belmont sent him a very civil letter of complaint on his ill behavior, which he treated with contempt. Piqued at this, she resolved he should give her satisfaction, and sent him a challenge, which she signed, "Le Chevalier de St. Belmont."

The officer accepted it, and repaired to the place appointed. Madame de Belmont met him, dressed in men's clothes. They immediately drew their swords, and the heroine had the advantage of him; when, after disarming him, she said, with a very gracious smile, "You thought, sir, I doubt not, that you were fighting with the Chevalier de St. Belmont; it is, however, Madame de St. Belmont, who returns you your sword, and begs you in future to pay more regard to the requests of the ladies. She then left him, covered with shame and confusion.

Seigneur de Beaumanoir, a partisan of the Count of Blois, conferring one day with Richard Beaumont, the English commandant of Ploermel, a small fortress in Bretagne, on the means of preventing the mutual outrages their respective soldiers committed upon the peasants, quarreled, and a challenge took place. It was agreed that the two commanders should meet at a given spot, with thirty on each side, and settle the dispute. Beaumanoir and Beaumont appeared at the day appointed, armed *cap-a-pied*, and at the head of their respective soldiers. The enthusiasm that inflamed these modern Horati and Curiati may easily be imagined. They charged most furiously, man against man. Ten of the English were either killed or dangerously wounded, when the plan of battle was changed, and each party formed itself into a little squadron. The English commander was thrown down, and slain upon the spot. The commander of the French, dangerously wounded, and ready to sink with heat and thirst, desired one of his companions to give him something to drink. The latter replied, "Beaumanoir, drink some of your own blood, and your thirst will go off. You must persist to the very last extremity." Beaumanoir, animated by these words, continued the struggle, and remained master of the field.

The Abbe Arnauld, in his entertaining memoirs, relates, that King James I. and his court being once present at one of the combats between bulldogs and lions, at that time frequent in London; one of the maids of honor to the queen was attended by a young man of fashion, who was much attached to her, but whom she treated with indifference. The lady, either to prove the strength of his passion, or, perhaps, to get rid of him, dropped one of her gloves upon the stage, and turning to the gentleman, affected to appear extremely concerned at her loss. He well knew what this meant, and quitting his seat very coolly, walked upon the stage with his sword drawn, and his left arm wrapped up in his cloak. He then picked up the glove which had exposed him to so much danger, returned to his seat, and restored to the lady her glove, to the admiration of the whole court. Having vindicated his courage, the gallant youth very properly punished the coquette who had put it to so severe a test, by taking no further notice of her.

Sir Richard Greenville, an English admiral in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in cruising off the Azores against the Spaniards, was separated from his squadron by distress of weather, and fell in with the whole fleet of the enemy, consisting of no less than fifty-three ships. The gallant admiral neither scrupled at the weight of their metal, nor feared the superiority of numbers; but, with undaunted courage, and only his own single ship, began the attack, sunk nine of the enemy, and disabled many more. At length, having consumed all his powder and ammunition, lost his masts, and without hope of relief or assistance, most of his men being killed or wounded, he was requested by the surviving part of the officers and crew to surrender. The brave admiral rejected the proposal with a most generous disdain, and declared he would rather die a thousand deaths, than bring the least dishonor to his queen, his country, or himself. Spent and exhausted with fatigue and wounds, he breathed his last in the following words: "I resign my life with the utmost pleasure and satisfaction. I have acted the part of a good subject and a gallant commander. I have finished my course, a course devoted to religion and honor, to my queen and country. My soul quits this earthly tabernacle with joy triumphant; and I make no doubt that posterity will reverence and perpetuate my memory, as they will pay a due regard to a brave soldier and an honest man." Thus terminated the life of the renowned Sir Richard Greenville.